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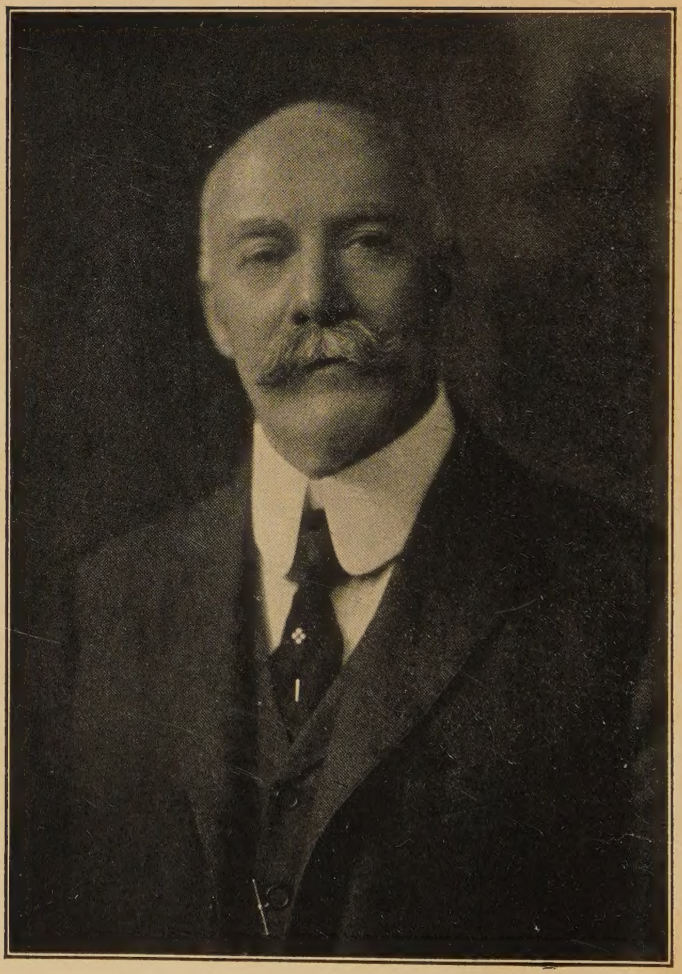

Orison S. Marden

Getting On

BY

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Author of

"Peace, Power, and Plenty," "Every Man a King," etc.

Editor of *Success Magazine*

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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Published October, 1910.

Sixth Thousand

TO

MY FRIEND

AUSTIN B. FLETCHER, LL.D.

WHO FOR MANY YEARS

HAS BEEN A GREAT

INSPIRATION

TO ME

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I. THE PRECEDENT BREAKER

I. THE PRECEDENT BREAKER

OW is it, I should like to ask," said an indignant member of the Harvard University medical faculty, at one of its meetings, some forty years ago, "that, after eighty years in which this faculty has been managing its own affairs, and doing it well, it is now proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school?"

"I can answer the doctor's question," replied young Mr. Eliot, who presided at the meeting. "*There is* a *new president.*"

The new president was a young man of thirty-five, fearless, bold, self-confident, with no respect for a thing just because it was old or had been done or used before. He had brand-new ideas about running a university, and he also had the courage as well as the ability to carry them out. He was determined to put new blood, new life into the old institution of which he had been made head, no matter what precedents he broke, or whose views he antagonized.

Young Eliot found the educational and religious systems of Harvard completely en-

crusted with traditions, but he was fearless enough and able enough to break through them, and, as a consequence, the little Unitarian college of four hundred students, under his brilliant leadership, became one of the greatest and most progressive universities in the world, with six thousand students, and with more instructors when he retired from the presidency than it had students when he stepped into power.

Perhaps no other American in recent times has been such a great maker of men, such a revolutionizer of educational methods, such a breaker of educational traditions and medieval precedents, which have paralyzed so many of our colleges and universities, as ex-President Eliot.

Leaders of men have ever been precedent breakers. Timid people, no matter how able, never make leaders. Fearlessness and originality are characteristic of all men of progress. They have no reverence for the old simply because it is old; with them it is always a question of pushing forward, of improving on the past, instead of slavishly copying it.

Men who have blazed new paths for civilization have always been precedent breakers.

It is ever the man who believes in his own idea; who can think and act without a crowd to back him; who is not afraid to stand alone; who is bold, original, resourceful; who has the courage to go where others have never been, to do what others have never done, that accomplishes things, that leaves his mark on his times.

What Charles W. Eliot has done for the educational world, the Marshall Fields, the Wanamakers, the James J. Hills, the Carnegies have done for the business world.

Marshall Field was determined from the first that when customers came into his store they should see the marks of a vigorous originality everywhere, something they had never before seen. He was determined that whatever he did should show his individuality, that he would be himself, that he would not copy any other merchant, no matter how successful. He made his program and was never afraid to trust his judgment. He was a born leader, and not afraid to go ahead, to blaze a new path which no merchant had ever before trodden.

John Wanamaker did not say that because A. T. Stewart had been America's merchant prince he would imitate him. Both Stewart

and Wanamaker succeeded to a remarkable degree in the same store in New York, but their methods were as different as those of Wanamaker and Marshall Field.

Do not be afraid of being original. Do not be a copy of your father, your grandfather, or your neighbor; which would be as foolish as it would be for the violet to try to be a rose. Every man is born to do a certain work. If he tries to do some other man's work, he will be a failure.

Great men never copy one another. A master mind can not be made to fit a pattern or conform to set routine. Every strong man's achievement is an outpicturing of himself, of his individual ideas. What he manufactures and sells, the conduct of his business, the book he writes, the picture he paints, the sermon he preaches—this is the expression to the world of what was wrapped up in himself, not in some one else.

General Grant did what all the generals who condemned him for not following war precedents in text books on military tactics could not do, he ended the war. Napoleon ignored all previous war methods, broke all war precedents in his conquering march through Europe. Men of force and initia-

tive are always breaking precedents. Weak, timid, forceless men never break anything.

Our great presidents have all been great tradition-breakers—the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons, Lincolns, Roosevelts—men who broke new ground, blazed new trails, and led people continually, vigorously, forward in the march of progress.

Those who were bound to the old, who were so afraid of losing patronage, or of offending the machine that put them in power, that they did not dare break away from established custom, are now practically forgotten.

Roosevelt had little use for White House precedents or political traditions. In every position, whether as police commissioner, governor, vice-president, or president, he always insisted on being himself—nobody else. He never tried to imitate. A great deal of his remarkable force comes from *being himself.*

"The surest way to secure failure," said Joseph Jefferson to young actors, "is to imitate some one else."

The imitator ruins his capacity for initiative; he loses his creative power; his inventiveness and resourcefulness are never devel-

oped. His executive ability—the ability to originate, to do things—is seriously crippled, if not utterly destroyed, by an effort to copy some one else.

No human being ever yet made a success in trying to be somebody else, no matter how great or successful that person might be. Success can not be successfully copied; it is original; it is self-expression. A man is a failure just in proportion as he gets away from himself.

When Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks were at the height of their fame, hundreds of young clergymen tried to copy their style, their mannerisms, their mode of expression, gestures, habits, but they fell as far short of the power of either of these giants as the common chromo falls short of the masterpiece. Not one of these imitators ever amounted to anything until he stopped copying, imitating, and began to build on his own foundations.

A great many clergymen to-day merely echo other preachers' sermons which they have read and absorbed. The majority of the books published are imitations of previous books, echoes of the authors whose style and plots the writers have copied. They lack vi-

tality, force, naturalness. They do not stir the blood or touch the heart of the hearer or reader. Copied thought, the worked-over thought is like a warmed-over griddle cake; it lacks the crispness and flavor of the original.

It is not the artist who can faithfully copy Raphael or Millet that will become famous, but the one who can paint a picture that was never before put on canvas. The artist who can express his ideal in his own tints and colors, who can create something entirely new, is the one that will become a master.

Thousands of people remain pygmies all their lives because they never dare be themselves. They are afraid to take the initiative. They ruin their judgment by not using it, by depending upon others, running to them for advice, and always following the track marked out by some one else. They are mere echoes, trailers.

There are ten thousand who can follow to one who can lead; but it is the man who can step out of the crowd and do the unusual, the original, the individual thing, that wins. The man who would succeed to-day in any marked way must be bold, self-reliant, inventive, original.

The world makes way for the man with an idea. He is wanted everywhere. There is little room for leaners, taggers, trailers. The world is looking, as never before, for the man with original force, who leaves the beaten track and pushes into new fields; the physician; the surgeon, who dares to depart from the methods of those who have gone before him; the lawyer who conducts his case in an original way; the teacher who brings new ideas and methods into the schoolroom; the clergyman who has the courage to proclaim *his* message, the message that was given to *him,* and not that which was given to some other man who has put it into a book.

The force that is going to carry you to your goal is coiled up inside of you, in your energy, your pluck, your grit, your determination, your originality, your character. It does not exist in another, but lies within you, at your command.

The sooner you become disillusioned as to getting any great assistance outside of yourself, and fall back upon your own inherent force, the better.

It is a pitiable thing to go through the world borrowing other people's ideas, plans, methods; other people's judgment—running

to this one and that for advice—never developing your own power, independence, self-reliance.

Everywhere may be seen business houses weighted down with antiquated methods, ponderous bookkeeping, out-of-date appliances, because their owners cling to the old with fatal tenacity.

The up-to-date business man is constantly breaking up old-time systems which have been handed down from father to son for many generations. The progressive man knows that the world is new every day, that it requires new treatment. He looks toward the light, he holds his mind open. He does not care how many people have done the work before, or in what way they have done it, or how many superstitions engirdle the thing he is working upon; he does his work in his own way. The present state of the world's progress is the result of the constant breaking away from the past, the elimination of worn-out machinery, of cast-off ideas, foolish superstition, prejudice, and worn-out methods.

England not long since sold thirty-one modern warships, which cost fifteen million dollars, for less than five per cent. of what

it cost to build them. These ships had not been in commission a great many years, but such had been the progress in shipbuilding that they were already out of date.

Some of the most up-to-date machinery to-day will, within five years, be consigned to the junk shop by progressive manufacturers.

A great, throbbing, almost human, Hoe printing press to-day throws off completed papers faster than one person can count them, and great rolls of paper are reeled off almost as fast as a horse can trot. The largest sky-scraper in New York would not hold enough such printing presses as were used fifty years ago to turn out the same amount of work in equal time.

Everywhere the new is crowding out the old.

Our most up-to-date machinery and electrical marvels will soon be only curiosities in our museums.

The men who block progress are those who decry the new, who cling to and worship the old, who never believe a thing can be done which has not been done before.

The slaves of precedent are the men who call difficult things impossible. "It can not

be done, it is impossible" is ever the cry of the precedent-worshiper.

But the tradition slaves are forgotten, while wherever the sun of civilization shines, the world builds monuments to the tradition destroyers.

What does the world not owe to its precedent breakers, past and present? Take the tradition destroyers out of it, and who would care to read the world's history?

The marvels of electricity, wireless telegraphy, the air-ship, the automobile, the printing machine and other almost human machines—all of the inventions and discoveries which have emancipated man from drudgery and ameliorated his hard condition —are the creations of men who were not content to plod along in the beaten paths of their fathers, but who stepped out of the crowd, and made new paths for mankind.

All the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of modern life were conceived in the brains of men who broke away from precedent and hoary customs, and, often in spite of difficulty, opposition and ridicule, established a new and better order of things that pushed the world forward thousands of years on its progressive march.

The Howes, the Fields, the Stephensons, the Fultons, the Bells, the Morses, the Eliots, the Edisons, the Marconis, the Wrights —the precedent breakers in every age and in every land—these are the men who lead civilization onward, upward.

"Dare to go forward" was Baron Rothschild's life motto, and it has been the maxim of all those who have left their mark on the world.

Don't be afraid of your own ideas; believe in yourself; assert your individuality.

When Admiral Dupont was making excuses to Admiral Farragut for not taking the city of Charleston, the stern admiral said, "There is another reason you did not mention, *you did not believe you could do it.*"

The man who never believes he can do a thing that never was done before, never will do it. He must eliminate "can't" from his dictionary, banish doubt from his vocabulary.

Echoes, copies, imitations never can do anything. It is the aggressive, fearless, the assertive, positive character that dares step out from the crowd, make his own program, and carry it out regardless of what others may think or say, who wins.

II. NO CHANCE

II. NO CHANCE

"My purpose was to make good in the town where I was born,—make good for myself and the folks; and I did."

N these few, simple words, John A. Johnson, when governor of Minnesota, condensed the simple story of his life. This young man, born in poverty, cradled in want, hemmed in on every hand by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and without friends or opportunity for education or advancement of any sort, added one more name to the glorious roll of American boys with "no chance" who have conquered adversity and risen to distinction. He proved again that the world stands aside for a determined soul, and that success is in the *man,* not in the chance.

There were probably thousands of boys and girls in Minnesota complaining that they had no chance to get a liberal education or a start in the world when the boy Johnson was struggling to carry the burden which his ne'er-do-well father had dropped upon the

shoulders of his mother and himself,—the support of the entire family. The lad of eight or nine helped his mother, who took in washing, and later, at the mature age of thirteen, proudly insisted upon her giving up working for strangers, while he toiled in the village store during the day and in the evening in the local printer's office, carrying mail or parcels to outlying houses,—denying himself, and making great sacrifices in order that his mother's burden might be lightened, his five younger brothers and sisters be fed, clothed, and educated,—all this is detail of value in his life story.

In spite of his desperate struggle with want this boy never lost courage or self-reliance. He saw in the midst of it all a chance for a noble career. Where others saw only mediocrity or humdrum lives, he saw opportunity for great things. What did he care for obstacles? He felt that he was greater than anything which could get in his path. Not even when shivering in the cold of a northern winter for lack of clothing, and the family burden pressed more and more heavily upon his shoulders, did he waver. He pushed ahead, and "tried to make good." No responsibility frightened

him. A chance was all he wanted. He did not wait for it; he made it.

People who are made of the right kind of material do not make excuses; they work. They do not whine, they keep forging ahead. They do not wait for somebody to help them; they help themselves. They do not wait for an opportunity; they make it. Those who complain of no chance confess their weakness,—their lack of efficiency. They show that they are not equal to the occasion,—that they are not greater than the obstacle that confronts them.

"No chance" has ever been the excuse of those who fail. Interview the great army of failures; most of them will tell you that they never had an opportunity like others, that there was no one to help them, and that no one would give them a boost. They will tell you that the good places were all filled, that every occupation or profession was crowded, that there was no chance for them, that all the good opportunities were gone before they could seize them.

After one of Alexander's campaigns he was asked if he intended taking the next city if he had an opportunity. "Opportunity!" he thundered, "Why, I make opportunities."

It is men that make opportunities that are wanted everywhere.

It is a dangerous thing to wait for opportunities until it becomes a habit. Energy and inclination for hard work ooze out in the waiting. Opportunity becomes invisible to those who are doing nothing, or looking somewhere else for it. It is the great worker, the man who is alert for chances, that sees them.

Some people become so opportunity-blind that they can not see chances anywhere,—they would pass through a gold mine without noticing anything precious,—while others will find opportunities in the most barren and out-of-the-way places. Bunyan found opportunity in Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory in the world on the untwisted paper that had been used to cork his bottles of milk. A Theodore Parker or a Lucy Stone sees an opportunity to go to college in a chance to pick berries. One boy sees an opening to his ambition in a chance to chop wood, wait on table, or run errands, where another sees no chance at all. One sees an opportunity to get an education in the odds and ends of time, evenings and half-holidays, which another throws away.

While you are saying, "There is no chance for me," and "I can't," thousands of boys and girls in this country with nothing like your opportunities are tearing the words "impossible" and "I can't" out of their dictionaries. While you are thinking of the great things you would do if you only had a college education and a little money to start with, others much less favored by fortune are annihilating these obstacles and forging ahead. Many of these poor boys and girls are not only starting without friends, money, influence, or any assistance whatever, but are, besides, heavily handicapped by others depending upon them, or by some physical deformity; yet they are defying the fates which you say are keeping you back.

In a little, slow, grass-grown fishing town in New England, whose once busy docks and wharves are now silent, lives one of those brave strugglers,—a cripple, whose life is putting to shame the scores of able-bodied men and boys in this same town, who are loitering in the village store, loafing about street corners, and complaining that there is "no chance in this God-forsaken, dead-and-alive town."

While they are lazily shuffling around with

their hands in their pockets, waiting for something to turn up, this crippled youth has turned up so much business that it almost swamps him. He is janitor of the schoolhouse, he carries the mail to the trains and steamboats, takes care of two fire houses, delivers newspapers to customers, and in addition to all this, he goes to a neighboring city once or twice a week and does all sorts of errands and shopping for the well-to-do people in the village. He helps to support his mother, two sisters, and a younger brother, and is saving something out of his earnings to start in business for himself.

What would the complaining youth of to-day think of their chances in life if they were obliged to change places with young "Abe" Lincoln, the child of the backwoods? What if they found themselves in a rude log cabin, without windows or floors, in the heart of the wilderness, far away from schools, churches, and railroads, without newspapers, books, or money, without the ordinary comforts, or even what we consider the necessities of life? What would they think of their having to walk nine miles a day to attend a rude school in a neighbor's cabin? What would they think of their chances for

self-culture if they were obliged to scour the country on foot for fifty miles to borrow a few books, and then, after a hard day's work, to read them at night by the light of the log fire? What if they were obliged, with him, to start out on their careers with less than a single year's schooling? Yet out of these iron conditions, arose the greatest of our presidents. In this inhospitable environment was built up the finest type of manhood the world has ever seen.

Some one has said that "when God wants to educate a man, He does not send him to school to the graces, but to the necessities." Poverty often calls out talents which would never be discovered but for her. Not unusual opportunities, not ease and comfort, not wealth or luxuries, but poverty, has ever been the great university of the race, and by far the larger number of successful graduates call her *Alma Mater*. What statesmen, what orators, what philanthropists, what scholars, what musicians, and what artists have been graduated from her halls!

It has not been the men favored by fortune, but, as a rule, the poor boys with no chance, who have done great things. It is a Fulton with a paddle wheel; a Michael

Faraday with old bottles and tin pans in the attic of an apothecary's store; a Whitney with a few tools in a Southern cellar; a Howe with crude needles and shuttles making the sewing machine; a Professor Bell, poor, experimenting with the simplest apparatus, who have given an uplift to civilization.

There is nothing else so fascinating in American history as the romance of achievement under difficulties,—the story of how men and women, who have brought great things to pass, got their start, and of their obscure beginnings and triumphant ends, their struggles, their long waitings amid want and woe, the obstacles overcome, the final victories; the stories of men and women who have seized common situations and made them great, or of those of average ability who have succeeded by dint of indomitable will and inflexible purpose.

What grander sight is there than that of a stalwart man made irresistible by the things which have tried to down him,—a man who stands without wavering or trembling, with head erect and heart undaunted, ready to face any difficulties, defying any cruelties of fate, laughing at obstacles because he has developed in his fight with them the superb

strength of manhood and vigor of character which make him master?

No fate or destiny can stop such a man,—a man who is dominated by a mighty purpose. Thousands of young men of this stalwart type every year burst the bonds which are holding down the weakling, the vacillator, and the apologist.

That which dominates the life, which is ever uppermost in the mind, generally comes somewhere near realization; but there is a great difference between a lukewarm desire and a red-hot purpose. It takes steam to drive the piston in the engine; warm water will never turn the wheels. The longings that fail of realization are usually just below the boiling point.

A short time ago a young man, who had been an invalid for years, came into my office on crutches. He told me that he was not only paying his way at the academy, where he was preparing for college, but he was also helping several other poor boys and girls to get an education. You will say, "He must be a genius." He is nothing of the kind. He is simply dead-in-earnest, bound to do something and to be somebody in the world. This is the only secret of the

compelling power of a great aim. Any handicap which is greater than your purpose, or stronger than your resolve, will keep you back. It is a question whether or not you are larger than the things which keep you down. You certainly are not while they seem so formidable, and while you are always complaining about them and acknowledging their power over you; but when you rise to your dominion, when you recognize your own divinity and when you realize that you were made larger than any obstacle that stands in your way, you will stop whining "no chance," and go to work with a will that knows no defeat.

No chance! Why at this very moment you are treading on the lids of great secrets without knowing it,—powers and forces which, if developed, would give civilization a tremendous lift and ameliorate the hard conditions of mankind. The very soil beneath your feet—the old farm which you think is worn out,—may hold a splendid opportunity if you only know how to mix brains with it and extract its secret. But there is no opportunity for the man who has planted corn or potatoes on the same piece of land for twenty years. He sees no chance in resting the soil by the alternating of crops.

Many a man has been right in touch with his great opportunity when he was dreaming of a far-away chance for wealth or distinction. He did not recognize it simply because he was looking somewhere else for it. The shiftless New England farmer, who thinks his land is all worn out, imagines if he could only go West where the land is level, the soil rich, and where there are no stones, that he could do wonders. While he is dreaming of these distant possibilities his neighbor lays up a competence on the same kind of "exhausted" soil.

Do not run away to some other country, to some other state or city to seek your fortune. Your great opportunity may be just where you are. Governor Johnson found his in the little village of St. Peter, Minnesota. With the exception of a few months, his whole life was spent within a mile of the miserable shack in which he was born. Fred Douglass found his on a slave plantation. Garfield found his on the towpath, and Lincoln his in a log cabin in the wilderness.

The trouble with us is that we look too high and too far away for our chances. We forget that the greatest things are the simplest. In hunting for roses, we trample the daisies under our feet. We are blind to the

chances and blessings near us because we are looking so far away for them. Everything depends upon the power of the mind to see opportunities. It is the eye that can see the chance, the pluck and determination to lay hold of it and wring from it every possibility that we lack, rather than the chance "to make good."

You may be sure there is a man somewhere, not very far from you, who would make a name for himself and a competence out of your situation in which you see nothing. There are poor boys and girls who would get a substitute for a college education out of the time and opportunities which you are wasting because you see nothing in them.

You think that an opportunity must necessarily be something great and unusual; but the fact is, the stepping-stone to the place above you is in the very thing you are doing, in the way you do it; it does not matter what it is.

Do not be misled by the statement, so frequently made, that the good opportunities for boys have gone by. There was just such an opinion among the young men of Webster's time. He was told that the future

would hold no such opportunities for law students as Choate had and as he had; but neither of these giants of the bar received half so much for conducting long, tedious cases as some lawyers to-day get for a brief office consultation. The average physician and surgeon to-day would smile at the fees of the great specialists of even fifty years ago. Scores of concerns to-day in this country are hunting for men to fill positions at from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year.

It may be very crowded where you are standing, but there is always room a little higher up. Millions of men and women may be out of employment, and yet at the door of every profession and every occupation there is always a standing advertisement,—"Wanted, a man." The whole world is looking for better trained men and women, better managers, broader manhood and womanhood leaders. Greater salaries than ever before, greater rewards await young men and young women of the future who are bound to win.

There is a grand success awaiting every one who has the grit to seize his chance and fight his way to his own loaf. *But you must remember that your good opening is in yourself.* As long as you think it is somewhere

else, in somebody else, you will be a failure. *Your opportunity is wrapped up in your personality.* The potency of your achievement is in yourself, just as the future oak is wrapped up in the acorn. Your success must be an evolution, an unfoldment, an expression of yourself.

We are living in an age of marvelous development, astounding enterprise. The call of the twentieth century is a call to go up higher. The ladders by which you may climb are all about you. There is no town or hamlet in America which is not crying for young men and young women of larger ability, of greater enterprise, to seize the splendid opportunities and possibilities that are waiting for them.

A new civilization is holding up new and better prizes, but he who would win must have a better equipment and a finer training than the past required. If the prizes are greater than ever before, the preparation also must be greater. He only who is prepared for his chance can hope to succeed.

III. WHO HOLDS YOU DOWN?

III. WHO HOLDS YOU DOWN?

HAT object is more pitiable than that of a healthy, strong, well-educated young man whining about the hard times, or the lack of opportunity in this land which is so packed with chances? In what other country, or at what other time in the history of the world, were the times better or the opportunities greater?

Tens of thousands of young people in this country try to excuse themselves for their failure to do something worth while by saying that it is the fault of society, that it is due to economic conditions, to the fact that a few good-for-nothing idlers get all the money and all the good things, while the many do all the work and bear all the burdens.

Many young men and young women idle away their lives, waiting for something to turn up, for somebody to boost them; while other boys and girls, with half their chance, educate and lift themselves out of poverty. The veriest nonsense that ever entered a youth's head is that the good chances are in

the past, that somebody must help him or he can never start.

The mainspring of your watch is not outside of its case. No power or influence outside of the watch can make it keep good time. Its mainspring is inside. The power which will carry you to your goal is not in somebody else. It is in yourself, or nowhere.

A middle-aged man was recently discharged by a large firm in New York because he asked for an increase in salary of two hundred dollars a year. He writes me that he had been with the house for twenty-two years, had worked very hard and faithfully, and had tried in every way to advance the interests of the concern, and yet at the end of all these years he was getting only a thousand dollars a year. This man complains that the firm had kept him down, and that he had been very unjustly treated. He is now working for the municipal government of New York at a salary of twelve dollars a week.

On the face of it, the action of the firm in discharging an employee after twenty-two years of faithful service seems harsh even to cruelty. But the charge that he was "kept down" is a very different matter. In the first place, it would be extremely foolish for the

firm to part with him if he had made his services invaluable. They could not afford to lose him.

We find that during these twenty-two years scores and scores of employees were advanced all around him. While he was rising to a thousand dollars a year, others had risen to five thousand, ten thousand, or more; and some of those who began far below him had, in the meantime, become superintendents, managers, or partners.

Will any sane person say that these promotions were all due to favoritism rather than to merit? Do employers knowingly work against their own interest? Are they not usually very sharp to see where any advantage to themselves lies?

The chances are that this man was kept down by himself, that the cause of his failure to rise was to be found in himself, not in the firm. It may be soothing to his self-love to think that he was kept back while others were pushed on ahead of him, but that is not the truth.

Most people feel that they are held back by some outward circumstances, that there is some influence that is keeping them from accomplishing all that they might if they

were free. I often receive letters from young men and young women who complain bitterly that they are kept back by jealous competitors above them.

A young drug clerk tells me that he is hopelessly tied down to a salary of ten dollars a week, with no prospect of advancement. Young married men say that they are not earning more than they did before marriage, and that their increased expenses make any considerable degree of success absolutely impossible. Others write of being tied down to uncongenial employment in small towns where there is no chance to rise, where there are no great opportunities. They say that even by hard work they can not hope to earn more than just a fair living. Some have invalid relatives to support, and others have old debts to pay. They all seem to have some excuse for not rising in the world.

In some cases the writers can not define or specify what keeps them back; but they feel that there is something, and they call it fate or hard luck. Perhaps these are the most bitter complainers of all. Others tell what wonderful things they would do if they could only cut the cords which hold them back, and get free from the shackles which bind them

to uncongenial work or compel them to support others, or which keep them on farms when they would go to the city where the great chances are. They feel that if they could only get rid of their impediment, the thing that holds them down, they would soar into the ether of a larger opportunity and a completer life, as does the eagle when freed from a cage.

Do not hypnotize yourself with the idea that you are being kept down. Do not talk such nonsense. Nobody of any sense would believe it. People will only laugh at you. Only one thing is keeping you down, and that is yourself. There is probably some trouble somewhere with you. Of course, there are employers who are unjust to their help; there are instances in which employees are kept back when they should be advanced, but, as a rule, this is only temporary, and they usually find their level somewhere.

Progressive employers are always looking for the exceptional man or woman, the one who can step out from the crowd and do things in an original way, who can economize in processes, who can facilitate business. They are always looking for the earmarks of leadership, of superior ability. They are look-

ing for the progressive employee with new ideas who can help them to be more of a success. They know very well that they can get any number of automatons,—multitudes who will do a thing just well enough to keep their places,—but they are looking for originality, individuality, for up-to-date methods. They want employees who can put things through with vigor and determination, without lagging, whining, apologizing, or asking questions. Nothing can bar the advancement of employees of this kind. Nobody can keep them down.

If by chance some one above you is actually trying to prevent your promotion for selfish reasons, it ought to be very flattering to you to know that he is trying to keep you back, and should make you all the more determined to get ahead. It is a pretty good indication that there is some reason for his fear, and that you have material in you for a better place. This should encourage you to redouble your efforts to do your work so well, to stamp such superiority upon everything you touch, to acquit yourself so much better than the man who is trying to keep you down,—to be so much pleasanter, so much more of a man, that it will be only a question of time when

you will get the position for which you are striving, or perhaps a better one.

Lincoln made it a rule to make every occasion a great occasion. He could not tell who might be taking his measure for something better, something larger. Nothing in the beginning of one's career can be small. There are no trifles to the youth who is rising, for the least slip may let him down. The boy little realizes that the manner in which he does an errand, the way in which he enters an office and hands a letter to a man who may be looking for a boy, may determine his whole future. Some one may be watching him on the street while he is doing his errand. An overheard remark, his manner of walking,—dawdling and idling along the way, stopping to look into windows, or walking as if pushed by a purpose to do his errand as quickly and completely as possible,—these little things may be the means of getting or losing a good position, so that a boy can not afford to do even an errand in a slipshod way.

Do everything to a complete finish. No success struggler can ever be a failure who makes this his motto. But if he looks upon anything as small or insignificant, if he thinks,

"Oh, well, this is a little thing. It is not of much account. I can not afford to put all my energy into it, it is too trifling," he will encourage a habit which will mar the great things which he will try in vain later to do.

The quickest way to get away from the counter is to work hard, to be polite and obliging at the counter. The trouble with people who complain that they can not get above the positions they are in is that they can not see that the step to the thing above them is in the thing they are doing, in their manner of doing it, that the opportunity for advancement is in the promptness, the thoroughness, the efficiency they show in the positions they now occupy.

Of two clerks working side by side in a store, one knows that the best part of his salary is not found in his pay envelope, but in the opportunity to learn the business, to extract from it the secrets of success, for which his employer may have paid a fortune, besides putting his life into it. He is all eyes, all ears, all the time thinking of better methods, improved ways of doing things, and he finally becomes a proprietor himself. The other sees nothing in his work but drudgery and a perpetual clerkship.

If you have a hundred acres of land and only four people to support, as one correspondent states that he has, if you have enough brain, ambition, determination, and grit, you can not only support the people depending upon you, but you can also give yourself a good education,—for you can buy all the books you need,—and if you are a good manager, if you have system, you can have all the leisure you require for study.

If you are made of the stuff that wins, nobody can keep you back, for if you do not find your chance where you are, you will find it somewhere else. But remember that your achievement can not rise higher than your resolution. So long as you think you are tied down so that you can not move, you will never get up or get on. The man who acknowledges that he is a "perpetual clerk" will never become manager or proprietor of anything until he changes his conviction. His own lack of confidence and push, not circumstances, is the chain which binds him.

It is as natural that we should obtain the thing we long for with all our hearts, and persistently work to obtain, as that a stone should come to the earth when hurled into the air. The ambition, the desire, the long-

ing, the hunger, the struggle toward the aim, these are the forces of gravitation which bring us the desired result.

If the young drug clerk mentioned should make up his mind resolutely to-day to go to the top of his profession, if he should study chemistry with a will at every spare moment, if he should assume a progressive air all along the line, adopt up-to-date methods, show his employer that he is studying hard and is determined to be a professional chemist or proprietor of a drug business, how long would he be likely to remain in his ten-dollar position? It is possible for him to pay himself several times his small salary in absorbing the secrets of the business in thoroughly learning the trade. The proprietor can not keep him from absorbing this knowledge, and gaining the increased skill and power which alertness, experience, and effort give.

Do you realize, my complaining friend, that it means to achieve anything of note in this world, to pay the price of success? How hard have you tried to succeed? Have you ever set your face toward prosperity and success with clenched fist, set teeth, and a firm determination never to turn back, no matter what opposed you, not to be deflected to the

right or left of your purpose? If not, you must not complain at your small measure of success.

It is the aggressive man, the determined pusher, the man with nerve and grit, who seizes the prize for which you are waiting. Fortune never comes to you. You must meet her half way. She will never move until you do. You must be the aggressor. You can not succeed without persistent determination, continuous effort.

You can never accomplish anything by taking hold of an opportunity with the tips of your fingers. You must take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and fling your life power into your aim.

If everybody would put his conscience into his service, civilization would be revolutionized in a single year.

IV. YOUR FORTUNE IS IN YOURSELF

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ROBABLY nine out of ten men past middle life, if asked how it happens that they are to-day only barely earning their living, would tell you that they never had a chance; that they were kept back, that circumstances were against them, that they had no opportunities, such as other boys around them had, or that they did not have the proper schooling, or else plead some similar excuse.

The probabilities are that opportunity did visit every one of these men more than once in their youth or early manhood, but that they did not see that all good chances consisted in doing everything they undertook cheerfully, promptly, and just as well as it could be done.

As boys they did not look upon every errand as a chance to be polite, prompt, energetic; on every lesson in school as a foundation stone in their success-structure. They did not think that the demoralizing hours of indolence and shiftlessness which they were weaving into the web of their lives would

mar the fabric forever, and reproach them through all time. They did not realize that the impudent reply to their employer, the carelessness and indifference which they slipped into their tasks, would come out as ghosts, in the future, to mar their happiness and success. They looked upon every duty shirked, the minutes they cut off from each end of a day, as so much gain. They did not realize that these things, which seemed so innocent, would grow into giant defects which would mar their future success.

They did not think that their slipshod methods, their careless attire, and their aggressive manners, would lie as great bars across the path of their future success, and keep them back from the goal of their ambitions.

They did not think that these seeming trifles in youth would doom them to be perpetual janitors, clerks, or farm hands, and that it would be almost impossible in maturity to outgrow the defects of their youth. They may not now believe that all these things were the real causes of their being fixtures at salaries of ten or fifteen dollars a week.

Thousands of young people are hunting for good chances, and seem to think they

have very little to do with the good opportunity themselves except to discover it. But, no matter where you go, young man or young woman, no matter who your ancestors were, what school or college you have attended, or who helps you, your best opportunity is in yourself. The help you get from others is something outside of you, while it is what you are, what you do yourself, that really counts.

A habit of depending on self, a determination to find one's resources within one's self, and not without, develops strength. Crutches were intended for cripples, not for able-bodied young people; and whoever attempts to go through life on mental crutches will not go very far, and will never be very successful.

"It is not what a man gets," said Henry Ward Beecher, "but what a man is, that he should think of." It does not matter how well you are buttressed by the accident of birth, or wealth, or "pull," or social influence,—or all of these,—you will never succeed to any great extent if you have not in yourself that which makes you independent of props and crutches.

There is no open door to the temple of

success. Every man who enters forges his own key. He can not effect an entrance for any one else. Not even his own children can pass where he passes. The key that will unlock your great opportunity to you must be forged by yourself. No outside power,—no help from influential friends or relations,—can fashion it.

"Oh, I'll study and get ready, and then, maybe, the chance will come," said young Lincoln, when the good Mrs. Crawford laughed at his joking suggestion that he might some day be president. Would any power on earth, think you, have opened the door to the White House to the poor, awkward backwoods boy, if he had not drilled his powers, and developed to the utmost those qualities which make men leaders?

As a rule, the youth who unlocks the door of opportunity and makes his mark in the world fights his way up to his own loaf. What others do for him does not amount to much in comparison with what he does for himself. The pampered youth, who is brought up in luxury, and not obliged to work, whose strength is never called upon, rarely discovers what there is in him. It is the boys who are bound out, crowded out, and even kicked

out, that often "turn out"; while those who are pampered fail to "come out."

You can not keep a determined, gritty youth from success. Put stumbling-blocks in his way and he takes them for stepping-stones. Take away his money, and he will make spurs of his poverty. Put him in a log cabin in the wilderness, and we may still find him in the White House.

If you are made of the stuff that wins,—it does not matter whether you were born in a hovel or a mansion,—you will find your opportunity,—or make it. You will not wait around for chance or luck to aid you. You will not think that you must have a complete outfit of the finest tools before you can attempt to do anything. The men who accomplished great things in the past did not wait for paraphernalia or fine tools. Men who are doing great things to-day did not wait for somebody or something to smooth the way and remove all difficulties before they began their work. No; they simply did the thing they set out to do with whatever tools they could get hold of.

What if young Faraday, when he was working in an apothecary's shop and dreaming of scientific experiments, should have

said to himself, "If I only had a well-equipped laboratory, what wonderful things I could do!" But no, he did not waste his time in idly wishing. With crude apparatus he performed such marvelous experiments in an attic, and made such headway, that he attracted the attention of Sir Humphrey Davy. If the apothecary's apprentice had waited for a lot of paraphernalia, think you that Davy, when asked what he regarded as his greatest scientific discovery, would have been able to reply, "Michael Faraday?"

There was yet another Michael,—the great Angelo,—who found opportunity to make his wonderful statue of David out of a piece of marble which other artists had discarded as useless.

The poor blacksmith boy, Elihu Burritt, did not wait until he could go abroad, or until he could engage teachers at home, to study foreign languages. By utilizing every spare moment and using the tools he found at hand, he became master of many tongues.

No, it is not fine tools or splendid opportunities or influential friends or great riches that make great men. The greatness is in the man or nowhere. The golden opportunity you are seeking is in yourself. It is not in

your environment. It is not in luck, or chance, or the help of others. It is in yourself alone. If it it is there, no one can keep you down. If it is not, nobody can help you much. It *is* there, however, for the Creator has put the opportunity in every normal human being. But one must find for himself the key that opens its portal.

V. A CHEERY DISPOSITION

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HEERFULNESS will attract more customers, sell more goods, do more business with less wear and tear than almost any other quality. Optimism is the greatest business-getter, biggest trader, the greatest achiever in the world. Pessimism has never done anything but tear down and destroy what optimism has built up.

Cheerfulness is also a great producer. It adds wonderfully to one's active ability, and increases mental and physical power. It makes hosts of friends, and helps us to be interesting and agreeable.

In the business office, as in society, everywhere, the favorite is always the cheerful person. Good-natured, cheerful people do not waste their vital energy as rapidly as the grumbler or the too-sober too-sad people. They work with much less friction.

Good cheer is a great lubricant; it oils all of life's machinery. Shakespeare says:

> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile—a.

There is no other life habit which can give such a prolific return in happiness and satisfaction as that of being cheerful under all circumstances. If the resolution to cultivate cheerfulness is strongly made at the very outset, it will not be difficult to form the cheerful habit, and it will be the best protection against suffering and disappointment.

Some people are thrown off their balance the moment anything goes wrong with them. They do not have the ability to overcome impediments and do their work in spite of annoyances.

Anybody can work when everything goes smoothly, when there is nothing to trouble him; but a man must be made of the right kind of stuff who can rise above the things which harass and handicap the weak, and do his work in spite of them. Indeed, this is the test of greatness.

As a matter of fact, the greatest achievements in all times have been accomplished by men and women who have been misunderstood and criticised. But they have been great enough to rise above all these things and to do their work in spite of them.

Few people are large enough to be superior to their aches and pains and disappoint-

ments. The majority are always talking about them, projecting their dark shadows into your atmosphere, cutting off your sunshine with their clouds. Their ailments and their hard luck and misfortunes seem the biggest things about them.

The man who can not rise above the things that trouble him, who can not overtop his aches and pains, annoyances and disappointments, so that they are of little consequence in comparison with his great life aim, will never achieve much.

There is an unwritten law for people who are thoroughbred—the real gentleman and the real lady—which compels them to keep their troubles, their ailments, their sorrows, their worries, their losses, to themselves. There is a fine discipline in it. It mellows the character and sweetens the life. But when these things are not borne heroically, they mar the character and leave their ugly traces in the face; their hideous forms appear in the manner as well, and disfigure the whole life.

Learn to consume your own smoke. If you have misfortunes, pains, diseases, losses, keep them to yourself. Bury them. Those who know you have them will love you and

admire you infinitely more for this suppression. A stout heart and persistent cheerfulness will be more than a match for all your troubles.

What kind of an expression do you wear habitually? Is it sour, morose, repellant? Is it stingy, contemptible, uncharitable, intolerant? Do you wear the expression of a bulldog, a grasping, greedy, hungry expression, which indicates an avaricious nature? Do you go about among your employees with a thundercloud expression, with a melancholy, despondent, hopeless look on your face, or do you wear the sunshine expression, which radiates good cheer and hope, which indicates a feeling of good will and of helpfulness? Do people smile and look happier when you approach them, or do they shrink from you, and feel a chilly goose-flesh sensation come over them as they see you approach?

It makes all the difference in the world to you and to those whom you influence, what kind of an expression you wear.

I once worked for a man who had a habitual smile which was a fortune to him. No matter how angry he might be inside, you never could tell it by his face. There might be a volcano just ready to break out, yet his

face would wear that serene, happy, contented smile. One corner of his mouth always curved up as though he had received some good news, and was just dying to tell you about it.

A great many people wondered at his success. They thought it far outreached his ability; but there is no doubt that a great deal of it was due to that inimitable smile which never left him. It made hosts of friends for him and brought many customers to his store.

The effort to be always, cheerful, kind, considerate, and gentle, no matter what wars may be rankling in the heart, has a great influence in transforming the life.

I know a lady who has made it a habit of her life to radiate sunshine everywhere she goes. She says that a smile costs nothing. The result is that everybody who waits upon her or does anything for her feels it a real favor to serve her, because he is always sure of getting this indescribably sweet smile and expression in return.

What a satisfaction it is to go through life radiating sunshine and hope instead of despair, encouragement instead of discouragement, and to feel conscious that even the

newsboy or the bootblack, the car conductor, the office boy, the elevator boy, or anybody else with whom one comes in contact, gets a little dash of sunshine. It costs nothing when you buy a paper of a boy, or get your shoes shined, or pass into an elevator, or give your fare to the conductor, to give a smile with it, to make these people feel that you have a warm heart and good will. Such salutations will mean more to us than many of the so-called great things. It is the small change of life. Give it out freely. The more you give, the richer you will grow.

No matter what else you may accomplish in life, or however rich you may become, if you do not keep sweet, if you allow yourself to become a pessimist, your life will be unproductive, and you will be a comparative failure.

Resolve that whatever comes, or does not come to you, whether you succeed in your particular undertaking or fail, whether you make money or lose it, you will keep sweet, cheerful, hopeful, helpful, optimistic.

Everywhere we see doleful people going through the world—people who have ruined their capacity for enjoyment because they allowed their losses, their sorrows, their fears,

their failures, to take all the sweetness out of their lives.

It does not matter so very much, after all, whether you make a fortune or not; but it does matter very much whether or not you keep sweet, have a clean record, and live a balanced life.

Some of the greatest men in all history were total failures as money makers, but they were notable successes in *nobility and balance of character, cleanliness of life, mental stability of purpose, and sweetness of disposition.*

I know a man whose life has been filled with disappointments and failures, losses and sorrows unspeakable, yet he is one of the sweetest, serenest, most helpful souls I have ever met. His troubles and sorrows seem to have ripened and beautified his character. His sufferings have been the fire which has burned out all the dross and left only the pure gold.

He is now an old man, with practically nothing of this world's goods left; but he has a monument of love and admiration in the hearts of all who know him. He has never parted with that cheerful smile, nor that sweet-tempered, serene expression which bids defiance to trouble. He has never lost his

beautiful mental poise, which has steadied him through all his years of suffering and losses.

After a long life of hard work and desperate struggle, he has no home of his own. His family gone, property gone, prosperity gone, yet he never utters a complaint or relates a tale of woe. On the contrary, he always has a kindly word or smile, a warm, sympathetic handgrasp for every one he knows. He seldom refers to his troubles. No bitterness rankles in his soul, for he early learned the secret of the power of love and sympathy.

Life is too short, time too precious, to go about with a vinegary countenance, peddling pessimism and discontent. People who do this are not producers. They are not creators of values. Pessimism is always a destroyer, a handicap; never a creator.

Every day you go over a new road. Distribute your encouragement, your good cheer, your smiles, as you go along. You will never go over this road again. You can not afford to leave stumbling-blocks and discouragements to hinder others' progress.

VI. HOW TO BE POPULAR

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ETTING what you want from kings or statesmen," De Blowitz said, "is all a matter of dining with the right people." Through the power of his charming presence, his gracious manner, this famous journalist accomplished greater things at the dinner table, in the drawing-room or ballroom than any other newspaper man in Europe accomplished through letters of introduction, influence, and special "pulls." His popularity, his power to interest and please others, was his strongest asset.

Aaron Burr had such an irresistible charm of manner that it was said he could not stop at the stand of even an old apple woman without making her feel that he regarded her as the fairest and most gracious of her sex. He would make himself as charming and agreeable to the most menial servant as to a duchess or a princess.

Charles James Fox, the great English statesman, was an inveterate gambler, loose in his morals and a heavy drinker, yet his popularity was unbounded. Even the ab-

stemious Edmund Burke was so enraptured with his genial, sunny, social nature and his cordial manners that he could not resist the influence of his charm, and for many years entertained a warm affection for him.

There have been great advocates at the bar whose charming manner, like the presence in court of some of the world's famous beauties, would so sway the jury and the judge as to endanger and sometimes actually divert justice.

A gracious, genial presence, a charming personality, a refined, fascinating manner are welcome where mere beauty is denied and where mere wealth is turned away. They will make a better impression than the best education or the highest attainments. An attractive personality, even without great ability, often advances one when great talent and special training will not.

There is always a premium upon a charming presence. Every business man likes to be surrounded by people of pleasing personality and winning manners. They are regarded as splendid assets.

What is it that often enables one person to walk right into a position and achieve without difficulty that which another, with per-

haps greater ability, struggles in vain to accomplish? Everywhere a magnetic personality wins its way.

Young men and young women are constantly being surprised by offers of excellent positions which come to them because of qualities and characteristics which, perhaps, they have never thought much about—a fine manner, courtesy, cheerfulness, and kindly, obliging, helpful dispositions.

I know a young man who takes life easy, makes comparatively little effort to do things, and yet all doors seem to fly open to him. He is welcome everywhere, in society or in business, because his charm of manner and gracious personality are irresistible. His very presence disarms prejudice; you can not help feeling kindly toward him, and he attracts people to himself naturally.

We often hear people say they don't understand how such a one manages to get on so easily—why he is so popular with everybody; but they do not realize what an asset he has in his charm of personality. A man must be measured as a whole. His ability to get on should not be gauged by his brain-power alone, but by his persuasive force, his ability to please people, to interest them, and

to make them believe in him. His appearance, his manner, his atmosphere, his personality, his capacity to make friends and hold them—all these things are as much a part of his get-on assets as the gray matter in his brain. A sour face, a repulsive manner, an ugly, unusual nature often cover up and prejudice us against great ability.

I recall a young man whose crabbed disposition nullifies a large percentage of his tremendous energy and his great brain-power. His hot temper and his sarcastic tongue are constantly neutralizing his friendships. He is a tremendous worker, and yet he is constantly tripping himself up by his repellant manner and his disagreeable disposition, and being held back in spite of his great ability and splendid energy, which, but for this handicap, would give him rapid advancement.

There are so many men of this kind who have plenty of ability, but who are deficient in qualities that attract, interest, and please, that it is common to hear employers say that they have decided not to give such and such an applicant a position because of his bad manners, or because he lacks a good presence.

There is no substitute for personal charm, for a refined, magnetic manner, and in spite of the fact that most people believe one must be born with it or forever lack it, the quality can be acquired by any one who will take as much trouble and pains to acquire it as would be necessary to accomplish anything else worth while.

Every one would like to have a gracious manner, to be popular, to be loved by everybody. It is a legitimate ambition to be well thought of and admired by our fellow men. Yet the majority of us are not willing to make any great sacrifice to acquire this art of arts; in fact, we are all the time doing things which repel others and which inevitably tend to make us unpopular.

We have to take infinite pains to succeed in our vocations or any accomplishment worth while, and should we expect to gain the art of arts, the charm of personality, the power to please, to attract, to interest, without making great efforts?

Selfishness in all its forms is always and everywhere despised. No one likes a person who is bound up in himself, who is constantly thinking how he can advance his own interests, and promote his own comfort.

The secret of popularity is to make everybody you meet feel that you are especially interested in him. If you really feel kindly toward others, if you sincerely wish to please, you will have no difficulty in doing so. But if you are cold, indifferent, retiring, silent, selfish; if you are all wrapped up in yourself and think only of what may advance your own interests or increase your own comfort, you never can become popular.

The great trouble with most unpopular people is that they do not take pains to make themselves popular, to cultivate lovable, attractive qualities. They are not willing to put themselves out to try to please others. Many of them, indeed, think it is silly to observe the many little courtesies and trifling civilities practiced by cultured people.

I know a man who thinks it is a sign of weakness to take any opportunity that offers to show little courtesies to ladies, to pick up a handkerchief, to open a door, to carry a parcel, or to offer any of the hundred and one little civilities which are so much appreciated and which, after all, are the great essentials of popularity. The result is that in spite of great wealth he is very unpopular.

We expect observances of the more important things even by selfish people, but it is

the outward expression of kindly thought and feeling, the practice of little acts of courtesy, of thoughtful attentions, which sweeten and refine life and indicate a lovable nature.

A great many people who deplore their unpopularity and can not explain why they are not understood, why they are shunned, make the great mistake of taking it for granted that they never can be popular.

How often we hear a person say, "I could not be agreeable nor popular if I tried. It is not my nature I am naturally reticent, shy, diffident, timid. I have not cheek enough to push myself forward. I feel kindly toward people, but I can't take the initiative to try to interest them. I don't know how to talk to them. The moment I am introduced to a person, I am tongue-tied; I stand like a stick. People get away from me as soon as they can do so politely. They ask to be excused for a minute and never come back. My very consciousness and all my efforts to please are forced and cold, which only increases my embarrassment. It is no use for me to try to go against my nature."

The unwillingness to exert one's self to be sociable is much more common than a lack of ability to be so. Of course, it takes an effort to overcome a quiet, retiring disposi-

tion and inclination to shrink from meeting people, but it pays to try. The ability to put others at ease, to make them feel at home, especially those who are timid, shy, and diffident, is a wonderful element in popularity.

Some people think that a sort of deceptive diplomacy is necessary to popularity; but if there is any quality which is absolutely essential, it is sincerity. Nothing else will take its place. There is no reason why we should pretend to be interested in another. We *should* be interested in him. It is much easier to be really interested, to know about a person, his occupation, his hobby, the things that interest him, than to pretend to be, just for effect. Pretense, deception, and shams are fatal, because, if there is anything a person demands of another it is genuineness, sincerity, and the moment he finds that a person is only pretending to be interested in him, he loses his confidence, and confidence is the foundation of everything. Nobody wants to hear another vaporize, palaver, and pretend; nobody wants to feel that he is the victim of a social diplomat who is trying to cover up his real self, pretending an interest in him, just as a ward politician feigns an interest in voters just before election. We all demand

absolute sincerity, genuineness. People will very quickly penetrate masks. They can easily tell when any one is shamming.

If you wish others to be interested in you, you must be interested in them. Listening itself is a fine art. There is nothing more flattering to a person than to feel that you are intensely interested in what he is saying. To be a good listener is next to being a good talker. But if you seem indifferent, if your eyes wander around the room and you seem bored when others are talking, they will lose interest in you.

It is not absolutely necessary to be a great talker in order to be popular, but it is necessary to be a good listener. I know a lady who is immensely popular, although she talks very little. It is a study to watch the changing expression upon her face caused by the play of thought while she listens.

If you will just make up your mind that there is something interesting in every one you meet, and that you are going to find it, you will be surprised to see what facility of speech you will acquire.

Sour, cynical, fault-finding, sarcastic people often wonder why they are not popular, why people avoid them. It is simply because

everybody likes to get into the sunlight, dislikes the dark, the gloom. We love harmony and hate discord, because we are built on the harmony, happiness principle. Discord is not native to our real selves.

The loss of popularity is often due to a complete change of mental attitude. It is only the positive, creative qualities that attract. Worry, fear, discouragement, and despondency are negative qualities. They are always and everywhere destructive and repellant. All forms of selfishness, all negative, abnormal qualities, such as gloom, despondency, melancholy, hatred, jealousy, and envy, repel. On the other hand, love, kindness, and all that is sweet, unselfish, and beautiful, attract.

Parents and teachers should take great pains to encourage the development of social, agreeable, attractive qualities in children who seem to be naturally diffident, shy, and timid, and who do not seem to possess any social qualities, because this training to be popular will change their whole future status in society.

One's success in life and capacity for enjoyment may depend upon this early training in popularity. It makes an immense differ-

ence to one whether he is so trained that he develops an attractive, interesting personality or a cold, repellant, unsocial one.

Tact is an imperative quality for the aspirant to popularity to cultivate. We all know how people with good hearts often hurt others by saying unkind things although with the best intentions. It is not enough to say the right word and to do the right thing, but it must be said and done at the right moment. If it is ill-timed—even a little too early or a little too late—its effect is lost. It is not enough to mean to be kind. The fact that you did not intend to hurt another does not heal the wound that tactlessness and thoughtlessness inflicted.

If people get the impression that you do not like to be disturbed, to be recognized in public, that you are on your dignity; if you have an exclusive, don't-touch-me sort of atmosphere, you will not get into their good graces. They may admire you for some special attainment, some particular thing you have accomplished, but it will be from a distance, as they would admire a mountain or an iceberg. They will not love you.

It is of very great importance to the aspirant to popularity to remember names and

faces. James G. Blaine owed a great deal to this faculty. People were surprised, when meeting him after a lapse of years, to hear him recall trivial circumstances in connection with their former meeting. Mr. Blaine laid great stress on the ability not only to remember names and faces, but pleasant incidents.

If your memory of personalities is poor, you will find the late Thomas B. Reed's plan wonderfully helpful. Mr. Reed said that he never looked at a man without noticing some peculiarity or some striking thing in his appearance which would help to recall him—which would fix him indelibly in his memory —a line, a wrinkle, the expression of the eye, the curve of the lips, the shape of the nose—something in that particular person's face or manner that would impress itself on his mind, and distinguish him ever after from the rest of mankind.

We constantly hear people in society apologize for their poor memory of names and faces. They say that they never could remember them, but this is usually mostly due to the lack of taking pains, lack of interest. There are some faces and some names we never forget, simply because we were particularly attracted to the persons at the first

meeting by some striking affinity between them and ourselves. This shows that attraction is largely a question of a real interest in the person we meet. People who have poor memories for names and faces do not observe closely. They do not get a distinct mental image of the face and expression of the person they meet, do not study the face and personality, and make no effort to remember them. They do not focus their minds upon the face and figure with the intention and expectation of getting a distinct impression that will remain. They simply bow or shake hands with the stranger in a perfunctory, mechanical manner, and go away with no positive image of either his name or personality, and perhaps ten minutes after the meeting they could not recall anything about the person with whom they have just been talking.

When you are introduced to a person, try to get not only a clean-cut impression of the face by scanning it carefully, but look into the person's very soul and also endeavor to get hold of something that will remain with you. Be sure you get the name accurately. Many people never hear distinctly the name of the person introduced.

If you would be popular, you must culti-

vate cordiality. You must fling the door of your heart wide open, and not, as many do, just leave it ajar a bit, as much as to say to people you meet, "You may peep in a bit, but you can not come in until I know whether you will be a desirable acquaintance." A great many people are stingy of their cordiality. They seem to reserve it for some special occasion or for intimate friends. They think it is too precious to give out to everybody.

Do not be afraid of opening your heart, flinging the door of it wide open. Get rid of all reserve; do not meet a person as though you were afraid of making a mistake and doing what you would be glad later to recall.

You will be surprised to see what a warm, glad handshake and cordial greeting will do in creating a bond of good-will between you and the person you meet. He will say, "Well, there is really an interesting personality. I want to know more about this lady (or gentleman). This is an unusual greeting. This person sees something in me, evidently, which most people do not see."

Some people give you a shudder, and you feel cold chills creep over you when they

take hold of your hand. There is in it no warmth, no generosity, no friendliness, no real interest in you. It is all a cold-blooded proceeding, and you can imagine you hear one of these chilling individuals say to himself, "Well, what is there in this person for me? Can he send me clients, patients, or customers? If he does not possess money, has he influence, or a pull with influential people? Can he help or interest me in any way? If not, I can not afford to bother with him."

How different it is when one takes your hand in a warm, friendly grasp, and looks at you with a kindly, genial smile as though he really wanted to get acquainted with you! You know there is a kind heart and a genuine man behind the cordial hand grasp, and your heart glows in response.

Cultivate the habit of being cordial, of meeting people with a warm, sincere greeting, with an open heart; it will do wonders for you. You will find that the stiffness, diffidence, and indifference, the cold lack of interest in everybody which now so troubles you will disappear. People will see that you really take an interest in them, that you really want to know, please, and interest them. *The practice of cordiality will revolutionize*

your social power. You will develop attractive qualities which you never before dreamed you possessed, and you will astonish yourself at your quick development of social graces and real charm.

How often we find men and women who, although ignorant of conventional etiquette or the usages of so-called polite society, who perhaps have lived in the back country all their lives, yet are so gracious and lovable that we never think of them as lacking in any of the essentials of true breeding. Their large-heartedness, their magnanimity, their desire to scatter joy and kindness, their transparency of character more than compensate for any ignorance of formal etiquette or social codes.

I have in mind a woman who, although she has never been in what is termed society, is yet the very embodiment of good breeding. She has such remarkable tact and manages everything so delicately, tastefully, and beautifully that her acquaintances all look upon her as a model of ladylike behavior. Whatever she says always seems to be just the right thing. Everybody who knows her loves her, and no one would think of her doing a wrong thing. Kindness constitutes

her social code, and it never fails or puts her in any embarrassing situation.

The great secret of doing the proper thing just at the right time lies, after all, in the possession of a kind, loving heart, tact, and common-sense.

Many men who were reared in the backwoods, country places, and had never been in what is known as polite society, when elevated to positions of honor, such as those of governors of States and members of Congress, have conducted themselves with such propriety and ease of manner that no one has thought whether or not they have observed the mere conventional forms of etiquette. Their largeness of heart, kindness, and cheery good-will toward all have made them universally beloved and popular.

Lincoln was one of the most notable examples of the far-reaching influence and irresistible power of this finer large-heartedness, this magnanimous spirit of good-will.

Scan the pages of history and you will find that the majority of our presidents, statesmen, and public men who had this happy, unselfish spirit, this cordial, kind manner toward all, no matter what their shortcomings in other respects, were the men who

made the most friends and were most popular with the people.

After all, are not action and reaction equal? Do we not receive about what we give? Is not the world a whispering-gallery which will return a harsh or pleasant tone, according to what we send forth?—a mirror that will reflect the face we show before it? If we smile, will it not smile back? If we frown, will it not frown in return? If we look at it with contempt, shall we not get a contemptuous expression in return?

A kind heart, a loving spirit, a feeling of good-will toward everybody will make you beloved, admired, and respected; will make you feel at home in any society.

VII. PHYSICAL VIGOR AND ACHIEVEMENT

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NLY fresh, spontaneous work really counts. If you have to drive yourself to your task, if you have to drag yourself to your work every morning because of exhausted vitality, if you feel fagged or worn-out, if there is no elasticity in your step or movements, your work will partake of your weakness.

Make it a rule to go to your work every morning fresh and vigorous. You can not afford to take hold of the task upon which your life's success rests with the tips of your fingers. You can not afford to bring only a fraction of yourself to your work. You want to go to it a whole man, fresh, strong, and vigorous, so that it will be spontaneous, not forced; buoyant, not heavy. You want to go to your work with creative energy, and originality,—possessed of a strong, powerful individuality. If you go to it with jaded faculties and a sense of lassitude, after a night's dissipation or loss of sleep, it will inevitably suffer. Everything you do will

bear the impress of weakness, and there is no success or satisfaction in weakness.

This is just where a great many people fail,—in not bringing all of themselves to their task. The man who goes to his task with debilitated energy and low vitality, with all of his standards down and his ideals lagging, with a wavering mind and uncertain step, will never produce anything worth while.

What would you think of trying to win the prizes in a number of athletic contests by entering half-fed, tired out, exhausted from overwork, and without preparation? You would say, "There is no chance for me to win under such conditions." How can you expect to win in your great life contest, when you are in competition with giants, if your nerve-cells are exhausted, poisoned with nicotine and soaked in alcohol, or impaired by any kind of dissipation?

The grand prize in life depends upon putting yourself every day to the test in superb condition, with every faculty intact, and with all the reserve force and power you can possibly store up. Yet you go to your business, a large part of the time, perhaps, exhausted, with no force in your blood, no sur-

plus power in your brain, no reserve of energy to save the day in life's great battle.

When the will summons the faculties to an encounter and marshals its forces for the supreme test, and there is no reserve power to give up, the battle will be lost. There must be fire and energy in the blood, in the muscle, and in the brain, to accomplish anything of value.

Everything depends upon the care you take to keep yourself in superb condition for achievement in life's contest. A poorer horse with a better trainer will beat a better horse half-fed and half-cared for. One talent kept in prime condition will beat ten talents demoralized by vicious or careless living. If there is no iron in your blood, no reserve in your constitution, you will go down in the first battle.

A great general does not take his army to the supreme conflict, the decisive battle, in a demoralized condition. His soldiers must be superbly drilled for the great struggle.

Not long ago I had a letter from a rising young lawyer who is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. He had, at the start, a strong constitution, but was so ambitious to make a name for himself that he

undermined it by working much of the time more than fifteen hours a day. He had the insane idea, which so many have, that the man who keeps everlastingly at it, sticks to his task year in and year out, has a great advantage over the one who works fewer hours and takes frequent vacations.

For years this young man allowed himself practically no change or recreation—very rarely took even a short vacation—and now, when he should be in a position to do the greatest thing possible to him, when he should be most productive and vigorous, when his creative ability should be at its maximum, he is compelled, because of his mental breakdown, to relinquish his profession, perhaps forever. He thought he could not afford to take frequent trips to the country, or even an occasional day off to play golf, as other young lawyers did; that he must make a name for himself while others were playing. So he kept on overdrawing his account at Nature's bank, and now he is going through physical bankruptcy.

No matter how healthy or capable a person may be, the brain-cells and faculties which are constantly used, like the bow which is always tightly strung, lose their elasticity,

their grip and firmness, and become jaded, dull, and flabby.

The brain that is continually exercised in one's occupation or profession, with little or no change, is not capable of the vigorous, spontaneous action of the brain that gets frequent recreation and change. The man who keeps everlastingly at it, who has little fun or play in his life, usually gets into a rut early in his career, and shrivels and dries up for lack of variety, of mental food and stimulus. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental or physical worker than frequent change—a fresh view-point. Everywhere we see men who have gone to seed early, become rutty and uninteresting, because they worked too much and played too little. Monotony is a great shriveler of ability.

Ambitious workers in vigorous health are apt to apply themselves too closely to their work, and not to take sufficient rest and recreation. But the greatest achievers are not those who are forever grinding away at their work; who, whenever you meet them, never fail to impress it upon you that their time is precious—they must be going, must be on the move.

I know a business man in New York, the

head of a large concern, who rarely spends more than two or three hours a day in his office, and is often away months at a time, recreating and traveling, refreshing his mind. This man knows the value of play. He resolved early in life always to keep himself fresh and vigorous, in a condition to approach his task with the maximum of power, instead of weakening his faculties and demoralizing his whole system, as many men do, by perpetually grinding away at his work.

The result is that he is making a great success of life. It means something for this dynamic young man to be in his office; things move. He puts them through with tremendous force and rapidity, because he has a surplus of physical stamina. His business system works with mathematical exactness, and he accomplishes more in a few hours than most men who spend eight or nine hours daily in their offices, and take their work home at night, do in a whole day.

There is nothing truer than the saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The fact that we have such a strong instinct for fun indicates that it was intended we should have a good deal of it in our lives. But a great number of employees

are obliged to work many hours a day, simply because their employers have not as yet learned the magic of a fresh brain and vigorous physique.

It was never intended that man should be a slave to his work, that he should exhaust all his energy in getting a living, and have practically none left for making a life. The time will come when it will be generally acknowledged that it is possible to do more work, and of a better quality, in a much shorter day than our present average working day.

The great majority of people do their work mechanically, and regard it as unavoidable drudgery, whereas all work should be a delight, as it would be if all workers were in the right place and worked only when they were fresh and vigorous. Then the exercise of brain and muscle would give a sense of well-being, and work would be a tonic, not a grind; life a delight, not a struggle.

Many a man who has made a slave of himself is suffering the tortures of a disappointed, thwarted ambition, simply because he never learned the importance, the imperative necessity, of always maintaining a high mental and physical standard, of always keeping

himself fresh, so that he could bring the highest possible percentage of efficiency to his task. The art of arts is that of self-refreshment, self-renewal, self-rejuvenation.

Few people realize how much physical vigor has to do with their getting on in the world. Every mental faculty, every bit of ability, every function is marvelously strengthened, and the whole life-efficiency multiplied very materially by vigorous health.

Robust health also gives tremendous confidence to the entire man, and self-confidence is a marvelous encourager and supporter of one's ability.

If a man thoroughly believes in himself, and has the physical stamina which makes him master of the situation, equal to any emergency, he is released from the slavery of worry, anxiety, uncertainty, and doubt which cripple the efforts of the weak.

The success aspirant ought to be jealous of any expenditure of force, any drain upon his vitality not absolutely necessary, because it cuts down the percentage of his possible achievement.

That little surplus of physical force which accompanies robust health makes all the difference between the courage and assurance

necessary for doing great things and the timidity and uncertainty and weak initiative which handicap the physically weak.

There is a great difference between that eagerness for activity, that longing to do things which accompanies robust vitality, and the forced, indifferent, uncertain effort which is inseparable from physical weakness.

There is a great creative force in a strong vitality, because it tones up and increases the power of all the faculties, so that they produce vastly more, are very much more efficient than they would be if the vitality were low. In fact, the excess of physical health which makes bare existence a joy will prove a wonderful help in everything we may undertake.

Then, again, physical vigor adds wonderfully to one's personal magnetism.

Everybody admires robust health, because it is one of the things that everybody longs for, yearns for, and yet very few make it possible by their life-habits.

How differently the strong, vigorous person looks upon life and its opportunities to the one who is weak and, because of his weakness, susceptible to discouragement and despondency. The vigorous man laughs at

obstacles before which the weak man hesitates and shrinks.

It is a great thing to have that bounding health, that excess of vitality which makes us feel like conquerors, equal to any emergency, which makes us the easy masters of conditions which would discourage weaklings.

Vitality is so precious, it means so much to one's success, that every one should look upon it as a possession too precious to tamper with, to take any chances with, or to squander.

There are multitudes of people who are mocked with an ambition for great things, but with no physical power to back it up; and yet other vast multitudes are squandering, wasting this precious success-power in all sorts of ways which give no satisfactory returns.

Vigorous health is worth anything it costs. It is cheap at any price, and we should secure it, whatever else we get or do not get.

Half the secret of a successful career is in keeping oneself in constant trim by systematic and careful training.

We know some business men who are not naturally very strong or able, and yet, by systematic self-training, regular diet, and

plenty of sleep, they manage to accomplish infinitely more than many men who are much more brainy and much stronger.

They always manage to come to their business fresh, vigorous, and strong for the day's routine. They will not allow anything to break into their hours for sleep, or interfere with the regularity of their meals or daily exercise. I know of a wealthy man who had a dinner party in his mansion which was attended by millionaires and "swell society" people. When the clock struck ten, he arose from the table, bade his friends good-night, and, according to his custom, went to his room, and slept until six the next morning. Nothing could induce him to interfere with his program or schedule. His life-engine must run on schedule time in order to avoid collision with nature's locomotive. He must not overfeed his engine, he must not let it run out of steam; he must regulate it and keep its horse power down to an average speed all along his journey.

Regularity in living accounts for one's power of achievement. You must try to come to each day's work as the prize fighter enters the ring, in superb condition.

Nature makes no exceptions in your case.

She does not take into consideration your loss of sleep, lack of exercise, or wretched diet; she demands that you shall ever be at the top of your condition. No excuse or apologies will be accepted by her. If you have violated her law, you must pay the penalty.

Many a man would not think of starting out on a day's journey unless his carriage wheels were well oiled; he would not think of starting his complicated machinery in the factory, in the morning, until the bearings were in good condition, and all possible friction guarded against: but he thinks nothing of starting up the greatest piece of machinery the Creator has made, with ten thousand complications and conditions, without proper lubrication, without a sufficient supply of fuel, of rest, or of motive power. In the first place, delicate machinery, when improperly lubricated, will soon wear out. The man knows that his intricate mechanism will not only do poor work when out of order, but that it will also soon be completely ruined beyond repair. But still he thinks he can start the cells of his brain into action without proper recuperation by sleep, recreation, or rest, and crowds through the day with heated

bearings, with friction in the journals, and still hopes to do perfect work.

He expects to start his complicated, delicate digestive apparatus in the morning in perfect condition, when it was insulted, the night before, by a conglomerate supper or banquet composed of all sorts of indigestible, incompatible dishes: and, if it fails to take care of this hideous mass without a groan or a quibble, he resorts to his physician and expects that, without removing the cause, a drug will set him right. He might as well administer castor oil to a thief, expecting it to cure him of dishonesty.

Health and success are so largely dependent upon balance, upon symmetry of development, physical and mental harmony, that we should do everything possible to secure that physical poise which also means mental and moral poise. A large part of our ills come from one-sided development, caused by overstimulating some tissue cells and starving others—overfeeding and underfeeding. Scientific feeding, therefore, is of vast importance.

Overeating and improper eating are among the curses of the world. Think of the people who put all sorts of incompatibles into

their stomachs at the same time and then use all sorts of nostrums to get rid of their bad effects!

One of the most pathetic sights in the world is that of a human being struggling hard to carry out his ambition yet handicapping himself through his ignorance of physical laws.

What a pathetic figure Carlyle cut in the world—a one-sided giant who might have been a symmetrical power, possessor of a colossal brain largely controlled by a dyspeptic stomach! He was cross and crabbed, and did just the things that he did not want to do, things that he knew it would be better not to do; but he was the victim of starved nerves, of exhausted brain-cells, largely for want of common-sense feeding.

What would ex-President Roosevelt ever have accomplished had he not made a study of the physical side of himself? He would probably have been a pitiful failure. He says of himself: "I was a slender, sickly boy. I made my health what it is. I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so."

The first requisite of success is to be a first-class animal. Pupils are taught Latin,

Greek, and different sciences, but they frequently can not locate their own physical organs, and know almost nothing of physiology.

Isn't it pitiable to see a man made to dominate the universe, and who ought to be a giant, going all to pieces over a trifle in his office, losing his head over little things with his office boy or stenographer, things which would not cause the slightest disturbance in a strong, robust man?

There are thousands of people in this country who are enduring a living death, who are tortured with ambitions that they can not satisfy. Many of them are college-educated, and yet their hands are tied by the lack of health, which they lost while trying to get their education, to prepare themselves for a great career.

If we could only have a national health ideal instead of a national disease ideal—an ideal which is based upon our inherited belief that a certain amount of sickness and disease is a necessity—our health standards would be raised immeasurably in the United States.

The time will come when we shall look upon all this waste of energy and loss of

opportunity, the almost universal suicide upon many years of our lives, as a positive sin. Think of what a loss to the world results from the withdrawal from active work of millions of our people who are incapacitated by preventable ill health!

Health and harmony are the great normal laws of our being, and our suffering comes from wrong thinking, from vicious or ignorant living.

Nothing else reacts so favorably upon the various functions of the body as strong and vigorous mental exercise. Nothing else will take the place of clear, forcible thinking. It is a perpetual tonic. The moment there is chaos in the mental kingdom there is anarchy in the physical kingdom.

It is well known that great thinkers are longer-lived, as a rule, than indifferent thinkers.

A celebrated English physician says that to attain a long life the brain must always be active when not asleep, and he lays great stress upon the necessity of everybody having a hobby outside of the vocation which gives him a living, a hobby in which he will take delight, and which will exercise pleasantly, agreeably, and not in a hard, strenu-

ous way, his mental faculties. Activity means life; inaction, death.

Nothing will destroy itself quicker than an idle brain. If there is anybody in this world to be pitied, it is the one who thinks he has nothing to do, no motive to impel him out of himself, no ambition which will exercise his brain, or his ingenuity, and call out his resourcefulness, or exercise his energies.

Great responsibility seems to be a powerful health protector. People in very responsible positions are rarely sick. When a man feels that great results are depending on his personal effort, illness seems to keep away from him, as a rule, at least until he has accomplished his task.

It is well known that great singers, great actors, and lecturers are seldom sick during their busy season.

Hard work and great responsibility are the best kind of insurance against sickness. When the mind is fully employed, there does not seem to be much chance for disease to get in its work, for a busy, fully occupied mind is the best kind of safeguard against illness.

The fact is, the brain that is completely

saturated with a great purpose, that is fully occupied, has little room for the great enemies of health and happiness—the doubt enemies, fear enemies, worry enemies.

Busy people do not have the time to think about themselves, to pity and coddle themselves every time they have a little ache or pain. There is *a great, imperious must* which forces them to proceed, whether they feel like it or not. The result is that they triumph over their little indispositions and crush out little ailments before they have a chance to grow into bigger ones. Fear is the great enemy of the unoccupied mind. The person who does not feel the pressure of his vocation has time to worry over the possibility of getting the disease which may be prevalent at the time. But if every crevice of his mind is filled with his work, his resisting powers are not weakened by the fear of disease. In other words, the busy mind is in its normal condition.

The mind was constructed for work, and when it is idle all sorts of troubles begin. The fear enemies and worry enemies creep into the vacant mentality and work all sorts of havoc. Keep your mind busy. The occupied mind, the busy mind, is the safe, the

happy mind. It is a remarkable fact that when any one feels under great obligations to do a certain thing at a certain time, he generally manages to do it. Other things equal, the chances of such a person being physically disqualified at a certain date are infinitely less than in the case of a person who has plenty of leisure. Mental activity is a great health preserver, a great life saver.

Exercise of mind and body seems to be the normal medicinal corrective of disease. It seems to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of robust health.

No function can be perfectly healthy, in a normal condition unless it is exercised. Work seems to be the great regulator of the human machine. Idleness has always and everywhere bred mischief. Vice and crime are engendered during idleness.

When a man is busy in some useful employment he is safe. He is protected from all sorts of temptations which injure him in idleness.

Like an unoccupied building in the country, or unused machinery, the idle brain deteriorates rapidly.

VIII. BEGIN RIGHT, RIGHT AWAY

VIII. BEGIN RIGHT, RIGHT AWAY

EGIN right, and right away," is the motto of a very successful man, and it is one which would save many a youth from disaster. Nothing is more delusive than the fatal putting-off habit. I have known more people come to grief through procrastination, indolence, and dillydallying, than from almost anything else. There is nothing else quite so destructive to the energy which does things, or which so paralyzes the executive faculties, as a habit of dawdling.

The only possible corrective is to begin, on the instant, the task before you. Every moment's delay makes it harder and harder to start. Shun the habit of "putting off," as you would a temptation to crime. The moment you feel the temptation, jump up, and go with all your might at the most difficult thing you have to do. Never begin with the easiest; take the hardest, and hang on persistently until you overcome the habit. Fear procrastination as a dangerous enemy. It is more than a thief of time; it steals char-

acter, ruins opportunity, robs you of freedom, and makes a slave of you.

How can one expect to succeed when his to-morrows are always mortgaged for the debt that should have been paid to-day? The ready boy, or decisive man, the one always on the alert for the next thing, always prepared for the thing required, doing it at once, is the one who wins. A habit of promptness unifies and strengthens the faculties.

Doctor Chalmers used to say that in the dynamics of human affairs two qualities are essential to greatness,—power and promptitude. The former is often the fruit of the latter. A man or woman who is impressed with the value of time will make every minute count to such purpose that his or her life will inevitably bear the stamp of power.

It is a rare thing to find a really successful man who has not strongly developed a habit of promptness. A man who is constantly missing his train, who is almost invariably late in keeping appointments, and who is habitually behind time in meeting his bills, or his paper at the bank, creates a distrust in the minds of those who have dealings with him. He may be honest and his intentions may be all right, but we all know

that a certain unmentionable place is paved with good intentions. The whole structure of the business world rests on the cardinal principle of promptness, and a man who is not prompt in meeting his engagements can not be relied upon, no matter how well he means. Honesty of purpose alone will not compensate for tardiness.

Many young men have failed of promotion or lost good positions because of this fault. With the late Cornelius Vanderbilt want of punctuality was an unpardonable sin. He once made an appointment with a young man who had solicited his aid in securing a position, telling him to call at his office on a certain day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he would go with him to the president of a railroad who had a vacancy on his clerical staff. The young man called on the day appointed, but twenty minutes after the hour named. Mr. Vanderbilt was not in his office. He had gone to attend a meeting. A few days later the young man succeeded in again seeing him, and, on being asked why he did not keep his appointment, replied, "Why, Mr. Vanderbilt, I was here at twenty minutes past ten!" "But the appointment was at ten o'clock," he was re-

minded. "Oh, I know that," was the flippant reply, "but I did not think fifteen or twenty minutes would make any difference." "Indeed," said Mr. Vanderbilt, sternly, "you will find that punctuality in keeping appointments does make a great deal of difference. In this instance your lack of promptness has deprived you of the place you desired, for the appointment was made on the very day upon which you were to meet me. Furthermore, let me tell you, young man, that you have no right to consider twenty minutes of my time of so little value that I can afford to wait for you. Why, sir, I managed to keep two other appointments of importance within that time."

There is no more desirable business qualification than punctuality, and no other so indispensable to a man of affairs, or to any one who would save his own time and that of others. Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him, but, as they did not arrive at the moment appointed, he began to eat without them. They came in just as he was rising from the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "dinner is now over, and we will immediately proceed to business."

We may ruin ourselves by dilatoriness in

keeping appointments, but we have no right to waste the time of others who, perhaps at great inconvenience, have kept to the letter their engagements to meet us at certain times. "If a man has no regard for the time of other men," said Horace Greeley, "why should he have for their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his five dollars?"

The habit of promptness, like all other habits, is due very largely to environment and early training. It is the boy who says "Wait a while," when his mother wants anything done, who puts off his school work until the last minute, who delays an errand until he has finished his play, and who never does anything without being told, that comes in just a little too late for the opportunities in life that were waiting to be grasped and made the most of by those who had prepared themselves for them.

A person who is punctual to the minute with everything he does practically doubles his time. Napoleon said that he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. "Every moment lost," he used to say, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

Promptness begets confidence. The reputation of being always on time is a very enviable one, and the youth who has attained it possesses, as a rule, the qualities that mark forceful men.

IX. BURN YOUR BRIDGES BEHIND YOU.

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HEN Julius Cæsar landed his army in England, he was determined to take no chances of possible retreat. He wanted to show his men that their invasion meant victory or death, and he burned all his ships before their eyes. Like Napoleon, he had the power of final decision which sacrificed every conflicting plan on the instant.

When he came to the Rubicon which formed one of the boundaries of Italia—"the sacred and inviolable"—even his great decision wavered at the thought of invading a territory which no general was ever allowed to enter without the permission of the Senate, but the intrepid mind of the man who could declare: "I came, I saw, I conquered," did not waver long.

"The die is cast," he said, and he dashed into the stream at the head of his legions, changing, by that moment's decision, the whole history of the world.

Young men often make the mistake, when they start on an important undertaking, of

leaving open a way of retreat if things go too hard. No one can call out his greatest reserves, do the greatest thing possible to him, while he knows that if the battle gets too hot he has a line of retreat still left open. Only when there is no hope of escape will an army fight with that spirit of desperation which gives no quarter.

Many a great general in his march on the enemy has burned his bridges behind him, cut off his only possible retreat, for the bracing encouraging effect upon himself and his army, because he knew that men only call out their greatest reserves of power when all retreat is cut off, and when fighting desperately for that which they count dearer than life.

We are so made that, as long as there is a chance to retreat, as long as there are bridges behind us, we are tempted to turn back when the great test comes.

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone River. "I will try, General!" "Will you hold this fort?" "I will die in the attempt." "That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me, will you hold this position?" *"I will!"* said General Pierce, and he did.

There is everything in burning all bridges behind you, in committing yourself so thoroughly to your calling that no discouragement or obstacle can tempt you to turn back. "Turned back for want of grit in the hour of discouragement" would make a good epitaph for tens of thousands of people who have given up the fight.

There is everything in setting the whole current of one's being strongly, vigorously toward his goal; in burning his bridges behind him and committing himself unreservedly to his aim.

One of the chief reasons why so many young men fail in life is that *they do not go in to win.* They are not willing to buckle down to hard work, to pay the price for the kind of a victory which they want. They do not want it enough to go through the years of disagreeable discipline and training that make the victor. They are not willing to forego their little pleasures, to give up the good times they love for the sake of a larger future. They are not willing to spend their evenings, their bits of odd time, in self-improvement, in getting an education, and in fitting themselves superbly for their life work.

When Lincoln promised his God that he would emancipate the slaves if Lee were driven out of Pennsylvania, every nerve and every fiber of his being said the thing should be done. This resolution multiplied this giant's power. What accomplishment is not possible when imperious will reigns supreme in the life?

I think it was Horace Maynard, who, when he first went to college, put a large red "V" over the door of his room. His classmates, not knowing what it meant, used to point him out as "the man with the 'V' over his door." At the end of his college course he was elected valedictorian. "Now, boys, you know," said he, "what the 'V' stands for. I resolved when I entered college to be valedictorian."

Suppose this student had said to himself, "I don't believe that it is possible for me, a poor boy, in competition with all these brilliant college fellows, most of whom have had better advantages than I, to take the valedictory, but I am going to work the best I can and see how near I can come to it." This would have been a confession of his inability, which would have made his failure certain.

But he was so convinced that the vale-

dictory was for him, and was so determined to get it, that he wanted to commit himself, unreservedly, to burn his bridges behind him, to cut off retreat, so he put the "V" over his door as a perpetual prod to his ambition; as a constant reminder of his sacred oath.

Have an understanding with yourself; a resolution at the very outset of your career that you are going to make good. This little understanding with yourself that you are going to win out, that there is nothing else possible for you than the thing you have set your heart on, fortifies and braces the whole character wonderfully. The way we are facing has everything to do with our destination.

How many poor youths on farms, in stores, in workshops or factories, have held their minds persistently toward the object of their ambition, when there did not seem to be the slightest possibility of ever realizing their dreams; and yet, the way has opened to the young art dreamer, the music dreamer, to study with the great masters abroad, when such a thing seemed to be out of all keeping with their poverty, and impossible to their condition.

There is a great difference between the chances of the young man who starts out

with a thorough understanding with himself that he is going to make a success of his life, with a resolution to win at all hazards, and the youth who sets out with no particular aim or ambition, backed by no firm determination that he will make good no matter how long it takes, or how hard the fight. It is pitiful to see so many young drifters in our stores and offices and factories; young people who would like to get on, but who have never set their faces like a flint toward a single unwavering aim, and burned all their bridges behind them so that they should not be tempted to turn back.

There is all the difference in the world between the prospects of the man who has committed himself to his life purpose without reservation, who has burned all bridges behind him and has taken a sacred oath to do the thing he has undertaken, to see his proposition through to the end, no matter what sacrifices he must make or how long it may take, and the man who has only half resolved, who has not quite committed himself, who is afraid to cut off all possible retreat in case of defeat.

There is a tremendous force in the very act of committing oneself unreservedly to his

great life aim; a propelling power in the very act of flinging one's being with all his might into what he is doing, determined never to turn back, that is well-nigh irresistible.

(Irresolution, or unwillingness to commit the *whole* of himself to his aim is one of the great weaknesses of the American youth of to-day.)

It makes all the difference in the world whether you go into a thing to win, with clenched teeth and resolute will; whether you prepare for it thoroughly, and are determined at the very outset to put the thing through, or whether you start in with the idea that you will begin and work your way along gradually, and continue if you do not find too many obstacles.

There is something in the very determination of a man to win at all hazards; something in his resolution to conquer and never turn back that not only inspires our admiration but wins our confidence and carries conviction. We believe that the man who can take such an attitude is a winner; that there is a great reason back of his superb self-confidence; the consciousness of the power to do the thing he undertakes.

It is astonishing how all the mental faculties rush to one's assistance when he has committed his whole soul to one unwavering aim; to accomplish one definite thing. What a tremendous impetus such a resolution gives the mental faculties! How it multiplies every faculty of the mind and stimulates every function of the body!

If you are so thoroughly committed to your aim that nothing will turn you back, you will not see many of the obstacles which those with a loose aim and a half-committed purpose see. Your firm resolution to conquer will frighten away a great many of the bugbears which deter the faint-hearted. A grim determination to do a thing gets rid of a lot of obstructions and difficulties. How the success enemies get out of the way and skulk out of sight before such a power! There is no use trying to keep back a man with such determination. Doubts and fears flee before such a resolute soul.

Grant's decision was like inexorable fate. There was no going behind it, no opening it up for reconsideration. It was voiced in those memorable words, which he sent back to General Buckner, who asked him for conditions of capitulation, "*immediate and unconditional surrender.*"

Napoleon had an officer under him who understood the tactics of war better than he, but he lacked his commander's power of rapid, final decision.

The undecided man is like a turnstile at a fair which is in everybody's way but stops no one.

There is nothing more pitiable than a man who never knows his mind; who is always on the fence; who is always vacillating, questioning; who has nothing established in his life; nothing decided beyond doubting, possible reconsideration.

On the other hand, it is deplorable to see men and women spend years and tears trying to undo the results of an impulsive, impetuous decision which was made in a thoughtless, unguarded moment, or fit of depression, under the influence of a temporary emotion.

I know men who have a mortal dread of deciding things without an opportunity for reconsidering. They are so afraid they will make a mistake and regret it that they ruin their judgment by not trusting it. They can not bear to decide anything of importance without having their judgment reinforced with other people's opinion. The result is that they are always weak; they lack self-

reliance, independence, and soon become negative characters instead of creators, producers.

Indecision runs in the blood of many people. They never seem to be able to burn the bridges behind them. They always want to leave a way open for possible retreat. They do not realize that committing themselves unreservedly to their aim and depending *entirely* upon themselves would very soon develop a strong self-reliance and cure the vacillating habit.

If you feel that indecision runs in your blood, that you have inherited the fatal balancing, wavering tendency, just make up your mind that you must break it, or it will break you.

There is nothing more demoralizing than the habit of putting aside important matters to be decided later. If this is your tendency, compel yourself to the practice of quick, firm, final decision. No matter how serious the thing you are called upon to decide, throw all the light possible on the matter in hand, weigh and consider it, but beware of postponement of your decision. The temptation to reconsider is fatal to forceful action. Better a thousand times to make mistakes than

to be a victim of the insidious habit of indecision. "The greatest thief this world has ever produced is Procrastination, and he is still at large."

Decide quickly, firmly, finally. Let there be no going back, no reconsidering, no opening up of the matter for further discussion. Be firm, positive.

The vacillating man belongs to whoever can capture him. He is ever at the mercy of opposing or interrupting circumstances. *He is the tool of the man who had the last chance at him.* Just as the driftwood on a river is whirled by every little eddy or blocked by some obstruction, he is always at the mercy of other men's opinions. He does not possess himself; he does not have an opinion. If he does, it is at the mercy of the first man who presents a counter one. No matter how firm he may be in what he decides upon to-day, to-morrow he will meet a man who will change it all. In helpless passiveness he is tossed from one individual to another, ever the property of the stronger personality with whom he talked last.

It is astonishing that the victim of vacillation, the man who can not positively decide anything of importance to-day feels very sure

that something is going to happen to enable him to decide to-morrow with more ease and certainty, and if he can only put off the reponsibility of deciding *now*. he feels that it will come out all right. Victims of indecision are always victims of over-hopefulness. They think the future will bring everything out all right; will bring the object nearer and make decision easier. "To-morrow" is their talisman.

Napoleon used to say, "If your adversary can bring a powerful force to attack a certain post ten minutes sooner than you can bring up a supporting force, you are beaten, even though all the rest of your plans be the most perfect that can be devised." Life is full of crises when to act promptly and with decision means victory, and to waver, means failure.

When some one asked Admiral Farragut if he was prepared for defeat, he said: "I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced."

Most people lose so many precious years before they get up a momentum, before they commit themselves completely, unreservedly, and burn their tempting bridges behind them,

that they do not have time to do the great work they are capable of, or else they arrive at the goal so late that they have but few effective years left.

Everybody knows that if the positive man makes a mistake he is not likely to be long rectifying it; but the man who never makes up his mind until he has consulted everybody, and then is always ready to open up every question for reconsideration, will never accomplish anything.

Roosevelt says, "The man who doesn't make a mistake is no good." The man who is always after a sure thing, who has no dare in his nature, who is afraid to risk anything until dead sure that it is going to turn out right, never amounts to much. It is a thousand times better to make a mistake now and then than never to settle anything, and to be always balancing, weighing, and considering.

A man who does forceful work must be able to dismiss a subject from his mind when he is done with it, so that he can do something else. This increases the power of mental grasp for the thing under consideration. But if the mind is entangled in confused surroundings, in a hundred and one half-decided things, if its energy is split up,

the focusing power is impaired. You must concentrate your powers upon what you are doing, and you can never do this when a score of things in your mind are intruding themselves for consideration. When you have anything in hand, settle it and then dismiss it. Half-decided things clog the mind. Study your problem carefully, make your decision firmly and let it be final. Let it stand, no matter what others may advise or suggest.

If you form the habit of making your decisions final, you will learn to use your best judgment before you decide. If your decisions are all tentative, if you know that they are not final, that you are liable to take them up for reconsideration, you will never develop a fine, strong judgment.

When you make your decisions absolutely final and burn all bridges behind you, and when you know that you must suffer the consequences of an immature or a poor judgment, you will be more careful, and your judgment will improve just in proportion as you trust it, depend upon it, use it.

X. EMERGENCIES THE TEST OF ABILITY

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UNS intended for our Government battleships are taken to Sandy Hook, loaded much beyond their normal capacity, and fired to see whether it is possible to burst them. Many that do not stand this severe test would not burst in ordinary use. But the Government must know to a certainty that they will be equal to any possible emergency.

In every engine or locomotive there is always a reserve over and above the horse-power required for ordinary use. If you order a twenty horse-power engine, the builder will make it thirty horse-power, giving it a reserve of ten horse-power. For all ordinary uses, this surplus, this reserve force would not be necessary, but the builder must prepare for emergencies. He must make sure that the *possible* power is there.

In a shipyard in Glasgow, I saw a huge punching machine whose great steel fingers pushed through the hard, thick plates of steel as easily as a cook could put her fingers

through a piece of dough. There was not the slightest jar or quiver in the mighty machine. In looking for the secret, I found an enormous balance-wheel where the surplus power was stored up, and which distributed and equalized the otherwise destructive shock, so that when these fingers struck the steel plate it was impossible for them to hesitate or falter. They went through and through and through, apparently with the utmost ease, because the power stored in the balance-wheel was so much greater than the obstruction which the steel plate presented.

A man with great mental reserve, with a finely balanced judgment, with poised character, does not waver or falter in great panics or emergencies, where superficial men lose their heads.

Great merchants know very well that many men in their employ could probably run the business when times are flush and money easy, but that it takes a financial general, a long, shrewd, hard, level head to guide a great business through hard times or a panic, when men without great reserves go down.

It is not so much the knowledge, experience, or power actually used in the transaction of business that distinguishes a great

business man as it is the subtle reserve power which those who know him and deal with him feel he *might* exert in some great business stress or panic. This reserve power is to the man what money surplus, not usually drawn upon or used, is to a great banking institution.

One reason why so many men do such little things all their lives, when they might do greater things, is because they often lack this surplus force, this reserve power. They do not take time to prepare for anything very great or outside the usual routine of their daily affairs.

The result is that they use all their resources as they go along in the ordinary transaction of business, and they have no great reserve of mental training, discipline, or experience for emergencies; so that when anything uncommon occurs; when a crisis, hard times, or a panic comes, they go to the wall.

I was once in a town the day after a cyclone had swept through it, and there was nothing left standing but the solid, substantial structures. All the weak, rotten trees and light, flimsy buildings—everything that was weak and shaky—had gone down before the terrific force. The weakest are always the

first to go down in times of great stress. A severe business crisis weeds out the weak, inefficient business men who lack great reserves of capital, experience, and hard business sense.

During our last great panic thousands of weak business men went to the wall because they lacked reserves of capital and experience. Bradstreet's, in its last estimate, gives, as a cause of thirty-three per cent. of the failures of the last eight years, lack of sufficient capital.

Many of those who failed would probably have pulled through if the times had continued good. Banking houses with insufficient reserves are constantly going to the wall. "Failed because he had no reserves" would make a fitting epitaph for tens of thousands of failures.

The same principle is true in great disease epidemics. Those with the least physical reserve, the least disease-resisting force, are the first to go down. Only the stalwart, strong, and vigorous remain.

We all know people who have no surplus force back of them, no great store of information, no adaptation in education or training for their specialty, no great mental de-

posit to draw on. They use all they have in their ordinary life routine.

There are crises and emergencies all through life that demand tremendous reserve, mighty momentum, or disaster and ruin are certain. Everyday faculties and everyday ability are all right for ordinary demands, but emergencies call for qualities of another kind and a different degree of power.

The merchant who started in his business as a boy and worked his way from the bottom up, accumulated experience and capital that carried him through the commercial crisis when it came. *It is the reserve that tells.*

Often decisive power in a nation's army is not so much in the actual fighting force as in the reserve corps—the power which may be called into action in case of necessity.

Great generals have often won victories by having a few of their best troops and supplies in reserve at the critical moment, while the general who uses every man in the battle and has to forage for fodder for his horses as he goes along stands very little chance of victory.

It was not so much Wellington's superior ability that won the battle at Waterloo as his

reserves—Blücher and his thirty thousand Germans. In this Wellington was favored by the delay of Napoleon's reserves. The battle went against Napoleon because he could not reinforce himself quickly enough.

Every defeat is a Waterloo to the man who has no reserves.

How many men and women break down in life because they do not store up surplus power; because they have not made themselves larger than the thing they are doing, by storing up a reserve of physical energy, of knowledge, of education and discipline to enable them to meet some unusual demand, some great crisis!

There is not in the entire history of the world a more notable example of political foresight and building up of overwhelming reserve force than the course that was taken by Von Moltke in making ready for the Franco-Prussian War that overthrew Napoleon III and his empire.

Thirteen years before hostilities began he had planned every detail. Every military officer, every man in the reserve guard had written or printed instructions which told him exactly what to do in case of war. Every commander in the kingdom had, in sealed

envelopes, confidential and special instructions as to the final direction and disposition of troops, which were only to be used on receipt of the command to mobilize the forces. The military stores, too, had been placed just where they could be reached with the least possible delay, and with the least congestion of the railway facilities in case of war.

This program Von Moltke constantly changed and adjusted to up-to-date conditions all through those thirteen years, so as to be *ready at any moment for the call of war.* It is said that the final plans that were carried out in 1870 were made in 1868, and that the first plans were made as early as 1857. The movements of the great German army under the leadership of that master mind were like clockwork.

What a contrast in the French war office to Von Moltke's painstaking, far-seeing, strategic, sagacious plans! He left nothing to chance; France everything. French officers telegraphed from the frontier to the general headquarters that they had no supplies, no camping material, and that they could not find all their troops. Everything was in such confusion that never anywhere was the French army a match for its antagonist. *It was out-*

planned, outgeneraled, outwitted, outbrained everywhere! The result was one of the most terrible humiliations that any nation ever experienced.

It was the reserve force stored up in the years of conquest and the habit of triumphing in whatever they undertook that gave such power to the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Gladstones, and the Disraelis.

It is the reserve power which we feel back of the words and between the lines of a powerful book; not what is actually in the printed words that impresses us most.

We are not so much affected by what an orator like Webster actually says as we are by what he suggests; the latent power, the mighty reserve force that we feel he might put forth were the emergency great enough.

Webster's celebrated reply to Hayne, the greatest speech ever made in this country, was a superb example of the use of mighty reserve in an emergency. The debate had dragged for days. Hayne had made a brilliant, and, as he thought, unanswerable speech. Webster felt that Hayne's "unanswerable" speech must be answered next morning. He had no time to prepare, to consult records or authorities, to read history or

to refresh his memory. There he stood, alone, without books or outside help, at a turning-point in our nation's history. Everything depended upon his reserves; upon what he had stored up in his previous life. His great speech was apparently prepared between the adjourning of the Senate at night and its convening the next day, but Webster said that much of the material came from notes on a very carefully prepared subject for another occasion, which were tucked away in a pigeon-hole.

"When Hayne made that attack upon me and upon New England," he said, "I was already posted, and had only to take down my notes and refresh my memory. If Hayne had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was."

Webster's enemies had been jubilant over Hayne's victory, but the giant Defender of the Constitution, conscious of his mighty reserve, rose to the occasion as though it were a common occurrence with him.

Those who heard him said that it seemed as though he were capable of something infinitely greater. He displayed no great passion. The language flowed so easily from his

lips that he did not give the impression that his brain was working to its utmost by any manner of means. Hayne made a very much greater effort, but he was not large enough, did not have reserve enough to suggest his capacity for a much greater speech than he was actually making. It seemed to be his limit, the utmost of what he was capable. Webster, serious and self-balanced, did his work so easily that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to do it. He was as calm and unruffled as a summer sea. It was one of the sublimest spectacles in all our history.

The great majority of law cases could be conducted fairly well by small lawyers, but those half-prepared, not well grounded in the principles of law are never equal to great emergencies. They are always losing their cases or making blunders, costly for their clients.

Recently the following humorous items appeared in the bill of a specialist:

For doing the work.....$ 25.00
For knowing how..... 9,975.00

It took only a short time to do the job; but

there were a great many years of dry, dreary drudgery, of hardship, of struggles to overcome obstacles represented in the other item. It was the knowledge, the ability to do the work promptly and with skill and efficiency that cost.

A great many people can not understand why professional experts charge such enormous prices for their services; why an eminent surgeon, for example, should charge $5,000 or even $10,000 for a single operation, or a great law specialist like Elihu Root, $2,500 for a few hours' work in cross-examining a witness.

They do not take into consideration that the surgeon has spent years in learning how to perform quickly and efficiently the difficult operation which saves a life that might have been lost in less skilled hands.

Much of the training of the specialist is to enable him to meet the unusual, the unexpected demand. The surgeon trains for the rare operation, the possible emergency. He knows that there are times when it is knowing what the ordinary surgeon did not think it worth while to learn that may save a life. There are surgeons now living who never had a dozen emergency cases in all

their experience which called into play the utmost power and skill of which they are capable, but it was these few extremely dangerous operations which gave them their great reputation and enabled them to get enormous fees.

It is not the good surgeon, but the superb operator, the man who knows a little more about anatomy, who has a little steadier nerve, a more acute touch, a little better education, that is sought to perform the delicate operation in the emergency, when life hangs by a thread.

Think of a young surgeon who, at a critical moment, with a precious life on the operating table dependent upon his skill, did not know exactly where the dangerous artery lay, and let his knife slip but a very little! A life was lost—lost because the student did not think it worth while to be thorough in his preparation for his life-work.

Perhaps the fatal result could be traced back to his boyhood, to the making of his sleds, the sort of work he put into the construction of a boat, or a henhouse, or anything else he attempted to put together. Perhaps nobody told him to saw the board straight, or showed him how to put the dove-

tail joint together, and these slipshod methods, which he never expected to hear from in later life, follow him and mar his success forever.

When Webster was a young lawyer, he took the case of a poor blacksmith. After looking in vain through all the law libraries at his command, he ordered at an expense of $50.00 the necessary books, and charged the blacksmith only $15.00, thus losing $35.00 in cash, besides all his time.

Years afterwards Aaron Burr consulted him on a puzzling case then before the Supreme Court. Webster saw in a moment that it was an intricate question of title, exactly like that of the blacksmith's case, and it enabled him to give an expert opinion.

Aaron Burr was so surprised at Webster's ready knowledge that he asked him if he had been consulted before upon the case.

"Most certainly not," replied Webster, "I had never heard of your case until this evening."

Webster received a larger fee for his expert opinion.

The young man who expects to do anything of great importance in the world must be prepared for the possible emergency. He

must be large enough for the greatest chance that could come to him.

In every department of life, physical, mental, and moral reserves are of incalculable value. Many people work so hard that they exhaust their physical energies each day. They make it a matter of conscience to wade through just as much work as possible every day, no matter how painfully it is done, not realizing the tremendous value of keeping one's self vigorous, buoyant.

No life can be vigorous if it is not kept fresh, responsive, by great physical and mental reserves. As hibernating animals, like the bear, in cold climates sustain life through the winter wholly upon the reserve fat and nutriment stored up in the tissues, so patients who have splendid physical reserves and resisting power are carried through severe sicknesses and sustained through long illnesses by this reserve surplus, stored-up vital power, while those who lack it, those who have dissipated it in abnormal living and excesses, often lose their lives, even in much less severe illnesses.

Great business men accomplish marvels with their reserves. Many of them work but a few hours a day, but they have such tre-

mendous physical reserves and so much stored-up mental energy that they are able to accomplish wonders in a short time, because of their ability to work with great intensity and powerful concentration.

People who keep their physical and mental surplus drawn down very low by working a great many hours, who do not fill their reserve reservoir by frequent vacations and by a lot of recreation and play, do not work with anything like the freshness and mental vigor of those who work less hours and constantly accumulate great reserve power.

There comes into every life worth while a time when success will turn upon the reserve power. It is then a question of how long your stored-up energy will enable you to hold out. There will often arise emergencies when your success will depend upon how much fight there is in you.

Within the last few years several buildings have either fallen down or have had to be taken down, because the owner tried to build one or more stories on the top of an old building which did not have sufficient foundation to carry the new structure.

Similar experiences are constantly happening to men who, in youth, thought they would

not require very much of a structure for the conducting of life's business, and then did not lay much of a foundation in their education and early training. But later in life, when their business grew and they tried to build another story or two, they found their foundations would not stand it, and the life structure fell with a crash. They did not have sufficient education to keep track of their accounting department. Their bookkeepers, cashiers, took advantage of their ignorance. They did not have sufficient technical training to keep up with the growth of their manufacturing interests, and they went to the wall. It is the emergency that tests the preparation.

On every hand we see young men and young women starting out in life without being flanked and buttressed on every side with great reserves—preparation, education, training—and they are constantly failing. Like a weak bank there is nothing back of them, nothing behind them to protect them in an emergency, to enable them to meet an unusual run, an unexpected demand. The great secret of success is in being ready for the unexpected.

Many years of every life that is worth

while were employed in storing up power which is never used except in emergencies.

A man must be able to answer the *unexpected* questions and solve problems that are not in the text-books. It is the emergency, the unexpected crisis, that tests a man's caliber. The man who is not only ready when he hears the bugle call, but through years of fine training and infinite painstaking has stored up a great surplus power that will enable him to meet any emergency, is the man who will come off victorious in the great life-battle.

Most of the training of horses for speed is done for the last few seconds. There are plenty of horses that can come up to this point with comparative ease, but it is the last few seconds that test the reserve of training, of spirits and of blood.

Many a man is drawing a meager salary to-day because he did not think it worth while to fit himself for something better. He was not willing to pay the price for the skill and training which would advance him to a first-class position. He never thought it worth while to spend spare time to improve himself or make good the deficiencies of early education. He followed routine and never

tried to find a better way of doing things. And now his small salary, slipshod appearance, and doleful outlook on life tell the story of a " don't-think-it-worth-while " young man.

Everywhere we see men in middle life, with splendid ability, filling very ordinary positions, cramped, handicapped, kept back by lack of early training. We see them stumbling over figures because they skipped the hard problems at school. We see them failing to get promotions because they didn't think it worth while to prepare for the higher place, while others, with much less ability but better prepared, get promoted over their heads.

How many bookkeepers there are, and people doing other clerical work, who can not advance just because they were not willing to pay the price for their advancement by a thorough preparation! They do not write a good hand because they hated the drudgery of practicing handwriting. It is so disagreeable to them that they prefer to remain where they are, in poor or mediocre positions.

In other words, a great many people prefer to slide along the line of least resistance, to

get along just as easily as they can, to paying the price in preparation for something better. They are not willing to prepare themselves for a wider, larger place. They know that their education is deficient, that they lack special training; and they know that they could manage, somehow, to repair their deficiencies, but they lack the energy to do so. They prefer to slide along in an easy-going way, with the least trouble possible to themselves.

How many wrecks, how many incomplete and wretched lives we see everywhere because people did not think it worth while to prepare for much of a career! They thought they would get just a little education to help them along; just enough for practical use. They did not think it worth while to dig down deep and lay broad foundations. They did not see life as a whole.

The reason why the lives of so many people are mean and stingy and juiceless is because they put so little into them, they make such a meager preparation in education, in culture, in training, in thinking. Their harvest is small because they sow so little and such inferior seed.

If the youth expects a rich, golden harvest,

he must prepare the soil, he must do some good sowing in the seedtime.

You can not take out of your life what you have not put into it, any more than you can draw out of a bank what you have not deposited.

XI. GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

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WOULD not give a fig," says Andrew Carnegie, " for the young man in business who does not already see himself a partner or at the head of an important firm. Do not rest for a moment in your thoughts as a head clerk, a foreman, or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say to yourself, ' My place is at the top.' Be king in your dreams. Vow that you will reach that position with untarnished reputation, and make no other vows to distract your attention."

It is well known that long-continued employment in the service of others often cripples originality, initiative, and individuality. That resourcefulness and inventiveness which come from perpetual stretching of the mind to meet emergencies, or from adjustment of means to ends, is seldom developed to its utmost in those who work for others. There is not the same compelling motives to expand, to reach out, to take risks, or to plan

for one's self, when the program is made out for him by another.

Our self-made men, who refused to remain employees or subordinates, are the backbone of the nation. They are the sinews of our country's life. They got their power as the northern oak gets its strength, by fighting every inch of its way up from the acorn with storm and tempest. It is the hard schooling that the self-made man gets in his struggles to elevate and make a place for himself in the world that develops him.

As a rule, men who have worked a long time for others shrink from great responsibility, because they have always had others to advise with and lean upon. They become so used to working to order—to carrying out the plans of other men—that they dare not trust their own powers to plan and think. Many of them, after a while, unless they are in very responsible positions, sink into mere automatons. They become more or less helpless, and dependent upon others, because they have never developed their own self-reliance.

The greatest strength of character must be developed with a free mind, absolutely untrammeled by orders from others or by others' programs. The mind can never reach out

so far into new, untried fields—never touches its limit of possible reach—until absolutely free to act without restraint and with independence and boldness. Self-reliance is a powerful man-developer.

Some employees have a pride in working for a great institution. Their identity with it pleases them. But, isn't even a small business of your own, which gives you freedom and scope to develop your individuality and to be yourself, better than being a perpetual clerk in a large institution, where you are merely one cog in a wheel of a vast machine?

The very struggle to keep one's head above water and guard against failure, hard times, or panics, the constant effort to stretch a little capital over a large business and adjust means to ends, develops managing ability, leadership, staying power, stamina, and grit, which no amount of working for others in an ordinary situation could ever produce. It is the spur of necessity constantly pushing us on, putting our powers to the test, and calling upon all our ingenuity and inventiveness and originality—it is the situation that forces us to a perpetual effort to do our utmost to bring things out right—that develops power. We grow most in a situation that forces us to

think, study, and plan ways and means of engineering our business or enterprise.

A young man entering business with little capital, in these days of giant combinations, like a soldier in battle who is reduced to his last few cartridges, must be doubly careful in his aim and doubly zealous in his endeavor, for everything is at stake. He must call into action every bit of judgment, courage, sagacity, resourcefulness, ingenuity, and originality he can muster. He must make every shot tell—every dollar count.

What is the result? The young man begins to grow; he feels his master purpose prodding him to do his best; his mind is constantly being stretched over difficult problems; his ingenuity is taxed to make both ends meet, to provide for the coming bills, to pay pressing notes, to tide over a dull season, or to pull his business through hard times or a panic. This is like playing a great life game of chess where everything depends upon a single move, and where the final result is success or failure. He can not afford to make a bad move; a misstep might be fatal. He can not afford to be careless, indifferent, or lazy. It will not do for him to be caught napping. He must be on the alert, watching

for every advantage, and looking out for the success enemies that would trip him.

When working for another, his ambition may have been to climb to the highest position possible to him; but now he feels a new and powerful motive tugging away within him and impelling him to exert himself to his utmost, that he may show the world that he is made of winning material. The desire to take his place among men, and stand for something in his community, is a most laudable one, and this, too, is an additional prod to endeavor. The schooling which the young man gets in the struggle to establish himself in his chosen career can never be had in the same degree and force while working for salary alone.

The sense of personal responsibility is, in itself, a great educator, a powerful schoolmaster. Sometimes young women who have been brought up in luxury, and who have known nothing of work, when suddenly thrown upon their own resources by the loss of property, or compelled even to support their once wealthy parents, develop remarkable strength and personal power. Young men, too, sometimes surprise everybody when suddenly left to carry on their fathers' busi-

ness unaided. They develop force and power which no one dreamed they possessed.

We never know what we can do until we are put to the test by some great emergency or tremendous responsibility. When we feel that we are cut off from outside resources and must depend absolutely upon ourselves, we can fight with all the force of desperation.

I know a man in New York who worked for others until he was thirty years of age and received only a small salary. It always chafed him to think that he must be dependent on the will of another, although he had never made any very great exhibition of power or executive ability while in a subordinate position. But the moment he started out for himself he seemed to grow by leaps and bounds, and in a comparatively few years he has become a giant in the business world. He has developed a tremendous passion and ability for doing things; his executive ability comes into play when he makes his own program; he is also strong in carrying out his own ideas, whereas he was comparatively weak in trying to fit his individuality into another's program.

The trouble with working for others is the cramping of the individuality,—the lack of

opportunity to expand along original and progressive lines,—because fear of making a mistake and apprehension lest we take too great risks are constantly hampering the executive, the creative, the original faculties.

But, you will say, "We can not all be employers; we can not all be in business for ourselves." What if your employer had said the same thing, and decided that he would better work for somebody else all his life? Have not you as much right to absolute independence as he, and is it not your duty to put yourself in a position where you will develop the largest possible man or woman? Where was the obligation born that compels you to work for somebody else all your life?

But you will tell me that there are plenty of managers and superintendents, and all sorts of employees, who could not do any better if they were working for themselves. I know perfectly well that there are tens of thousands of employees who are absolutely conscientious, and think they are doing their level best, who apparently could not do better if they were working for themselves; but let one of these faithful employees get a start for himself, and he will find that his ambition is touched as never before, and a new

power is born within him. He will feel a new motive within which will take the drudgery out of his task. When he is conscious that he has no one to lean upon, or to make his program for him, but must do his own thinking and planning, he will find himself expanding. He will feel a new power, because he will be exercising, more than ever before, his self-reliance. No one else will be furnishing the capital. He alone will be piloting his ship through panics, through dull seasons, and through hard times. His own resourcefulness will be touched as never before and called into larger action. He will find that his motives run down deeper into his nature than he had dreamed. While working for another his desire was to render efficient and honest service,—perhaps even to earn much more than he found in his pay envelope,—but when in business for himself he feels every power and faculty in him called upon to give up its best. His pride is at stake; he has committed himself; he has said to the world, "Now watch, and see what I can do for myself"; and he calls all the resources in him to make good.

I do not believe that a leased man can ever be as great as an independent man. Yet,

practically, for the consideration of freedom from responsibility, with so many dollars every Saturday night, thousands of people barter their liberty of speech,—their freedom to express their unbiased opinions,—their right to independent thought. They lease their individuality,—their right of growth,—their chance of independence,—everything that man should most prize, for their salaries. Is there a more pitiable thing in the world than to see a man, born to dominate, to do things, to achieve, and to be independent, and self-reliant, put himself in a position where he must always carry out another man's ideas or plans, and is not expected to express an untrammeled opinion or to say his soul is his own?

Can a man ever give God his greatest opportunity in him and express the fullest, largest, completest manhood as long as he practically leases himself for a stated amount of salary during all his most productive years?

I believe that the Creator intended every human being to be individual, to develop through his own planning, and to make his own program. It would be very silly for you to say that because, in the present order

of things, the great majority of people must work for others, you should not start out for yourself. Let those who are not ambitious enough, or who are not willing to pay the price for independence,—let those who prefer to work for others, do so, and not you, if you feel that you have ability and stamina, and are not afraid of hard work and responsibility.

It is true that some people lack initiative, leadership, and executive ability sufficient to enable them to go into business for themselves wherein they must employ others; but there are a great many things which even these people can do which will not require the employment of others, which would give them the ineffable boon of independence.

XII. THE STIMULUS OF REBUFFS

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ARD conditions, desperate circumstances, great poverty and hardships have ever developed the giants of the race. The resources, the powerful reserves, lie too deep in many people to be aroused, awakened by any ordinary conditions or circumstances. These people are like the great Maximite shells that can be thrown about with impunity, that children may play with, but which require the terrific impact caused by being fired through the steel armor of a warship to explode them. It takes a great crisis, a tremendous emergency to explode the giant powder in many people.

Some natures never come to themselves, never discover their real strength until they meet with opposition or failure. Their reserve of power lies so deep within them that any ordinary stimulus does not arouse it. But when they are ridiculed, "sat down upon," or when they are abused, insulted, a new force seems to be born in them, and they do things which before would have seemed impossible.

I knew a student paying his way through college who was so poor that the wealthier students made fun of him. They were always guying him about his short trousers, seedy clothes, and general out-at-elbow condition. He was so stung by their jibes that he made a vow not only to redeem himself from ridicule, but also to make himself a power in the world.

This young man has had most remarkable success, and he says that the rebuffs he met with and the ridicule that was heaped upon him in his student days have been a perpetual stimulus to his ambition to get on in the world.

A successful business man tells me that every victory he has gained in a long career has been the result of hard fighting, so that now he is actually afraid of an easily won success. He feels that there must be something wrong when anything worth while can be obtained without a struggle. Fighting his way to triumph, overcoming obstacles, gives this man pleasure. Difficulties are a tonic to him. He likes to do hard things because it tests his strength, his overcoming ability, his power. He does not like to do easy things because it does not give one the exhilaration,

the joy that is felt after a victorious struggle.

There are many instances in history of people who have developed marvelous qualities and made wonderful achievements in their struggle to redeem themselves from some physical handicap. Girls who were conscious of being very plain, even ugly, have put forth herculean efforts to redeem themselves, to develop compensations, and have succeeded in doing what would have been impossible for them, but for the determination to conquer their handicap.

It was said of a noted Englishman who was born without arms or legs that a visitor who was curious to know how he managed to get about or to eat was so charmed with his brilliant intellect and fascinating conversation when presented to him that he forgot all about his deformity.

The failure to overcome our physical handicaps is only one of many indications that few of us ever discover ourselves, or ever develop the best, the grandest things in us. We do not even dream of the richness and beauties of our vast personal estates. We die with the larger part of ourselves undiscovered.

The desperate struggle to do something worth while is the very thing which draws out our reserve forces and develops latent power. Without this struggle, many people would never have discovered their real selves. Napoleon was never so resourceful, never so level-headed, never had that vigorous mental grasp or was able to make such powerful combinations as when he was driven to desperation. It was when all bridges were burned behind him, and there was no possibility of retreat, that the possible Napoleon came to the rescue. Napoleon said of his great general, Massena, that he never showed his mettle until he saw the wounded and dead falling all around him in battle; then the lion in him was aroused, and he fought like a demon.

The same principle is true of those who have tried to make up for the lack of a fair chance in life. If Lincoln had been born in a mansion on Fifth Avenue in New York, and had gone to college, he probably never would have become president, and never would have gone down in history as the great man he was, because the chances are that he never would have made the effort he made in his obscurity, in the desperate struggle to make up for his deficiencies. It was the

heroic struggle with adverse conditions that brought out the giant in him.

If he had been brought up in luxury, with his playmates constantly telling him that he would be very foolish to work himself to death to make a name for himself when he was rich already, when his father had done all that was necessary to secure him comforts and luxury, he would not have become famous.

Human nature is naturally lazy. We do everything from motive, and the strength of the motive measures the result of the effort.

The rich youth, who does not feel necessity tugging away, prodding him, naturally can not put forth the same effort as the poor boy, who feels that he must exert himself to his utmost to redeem himself from poverty, to make a respectable place for himself in the world.

Compare the average namby-pamby, characterless rich boy, lacking stamina and initiative, with the sturdy, robust poor boy who is making his own way in the world. One is a weakling; the other a giant.

There are people in this country to-day who owe everything to their handicap, which has been a perpetual spur. It has enabled

them to bring out possibly seventy-five per cent. of their ability, when not more than twenty-five per cent. would have been developed but for this tremendous prod.

Whenever a motive is great enough, an emergency large enough, a responsibility heavy enough to call out the hidden reserves in our nature, latent energies spring forth which carry everything before them.

XIII. GENTLENESS VERSUS BLUSTER

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HAVE a business friend who is as modest and as gentle as a woman, who is never obtrusive or self-assertive, but who has a most remarkable way of getting things well done, and getting people to see things his way. He does it without any noise or pretense. He does it as the tender germ of the daffodil lifts its head up through the hard turf, by gentle persistency.

No one feels conscious that this man is trying to influence him, or to get him to do a thing against his will; but, somehow, most people about him find themselves doing what he wants them to do. He is so delicate in his diplomacy, so gentle in his tact, and so strong in his self-confidence that others find themselves agreeing with him without really knowing why.

He has a large number of employees under him, yet no one ever hears him raise his voice in anger or assertive authority. He is so gentle that strangers often wonder how he manages to have any discipline: and yet everything goes like clockwork in his establishment.

His employees respect him, like him, because he is always kind, considerate, and never scolds, frets, or nags; but they know that when he gives an order or makes a suggestion it must be obeyed.

I know another man, working in an institution close to him, who is about the same age but the opposite in every respect of my friend. He is loud and vulgar, critical and domineering. He never asks employees to do things; he commands them.

The result is that he is very unpopular. His employees are all afraid of him. Most of them despise him, and only obey him through fear. He can not hold good workers, and consequently has an inferior lot of help; while the man across the way has a very refined, quiet, superior class of employees.

The boisterous man has very hard work to get things done, because he always holds a club over his employees, and people do not give up the best thing in them through fear of losing their positions. This only responds to respect; it is only called out through enthusiasm and love for one's work.

Competition has become so keen, and the bid for public patronage so insistent, that it is a matter of the first importance for the

business institution which would succeed to-day to be popular, to have the good will of its patrons.

The officers of a bank, for instance, know that they must win and hold the favor of the public or go to the wall. They know that they can not snub their customers to-day as in the past, when there were fewer banks, without losing business. With a score of banks soliciting his business, and offering every possible inducement to secure it, it does not require a very keen insight into human nature to know that, other things equal, the business man will patronize the bank that has the most pleasing, the most agreeable officers and clerks.

Why is it that many of the cashiers, bookkeepers, bank tellers, corporation clerks, and people who serve the public through glass windows or across counters, are so pert and unobliging? Why is it necessary to make a customer feel that he is a nuisance?

Public officials, clerks, and attendants in our public buildings and municipal offices are proverbially curt, short, and snappy. Though you are paying them through your taxes for their services, they make you feel that they are doing you a great favor by giving you

what belongs to you and for doing what you are paying them for doing.

It is human nature to like to be treated with courtesy, with consideration. I have known a rich New York man, who carried a very large balance at his bank, to change his account because of a little incivility of the receiving teller. One warm day when transacting business at the bank, the man removed his hat and put it on the shelf in front of the teller's window. The teller ordered him harshly to remove his hat. "Yes," was his quick reply, "I will, and I will remove my account, too," which he proceeded to do. This was a little thing, you may say, but it is just these little things that influence customers.

Bank officials often wonder why Mr. So-and-So has withdrawn his patronage, and they will probably never know that it turned upon a hasty remark of a teller or a disposition on the part of some official to be unaccommodating.

On the other hand, men often go out of their way quite a distance in order to deposit at a bank where the cashier or teller has been courteous and kind to them and has always shown a willingness to accommodate.

The late President Williams, of the Chemical National Bank, New York, demonstrated the power of politeness, of good manners, in building up a great financial institution. The fact that the original one hundred dollar shares of the bank's stock were worth nearly five thousand at the time of President Williams's death was due largely to the uniform courtesy of the institution to its patrons, which he always insisted upon from the highest bank official down to the office boy. Many another bank in this country can testify to the fact that politeness pays.

It pays in every business institution. Human nature is so constituted that people will often put themselves to great inconvenience, will even put up with an inferior article or with discomforts, rather than patronize houses that treat their customers rudely, with discourtesy.

The time was when human hogs could do business, provided they had the goods and could deliver them; but all this has changed. Competition to-day is so sharp, rivalry so keen, that every art that can influence trade is brought into requisition to secure patronage.

Even twenty-five years ago men were em-

ployed largely because of their ability in certain lines, without regard to their personality or manner. Now manliness, a pleasant personality, an attractive manner, are very great factors in the choice of employees who are to be constantly in contact with the public.

To-day, ability to make friends and hold them, agreeable social qualities, are regarded as very valuable assets in an employee, for employers know that surly, impudent, careless, indifferent or snobbish employees can drive away a great deal of custom.

This principle has had a remarkable illustration on two parallel railroad lines in the West. On one of them there was a spirit of snobbishness, insolence, which manifested itself in a total lack of desire on the part of its employees to accommodate the public. So far was this spirit carried that the officials of the road found that they were losing business; that passengers were patronizing the other line on which just the opposite policy was pursued—every employee being instructed to be as polite as possible, to be accommodating, and to try in every way to please passengers. The result was that not only passengers, but also freight was rapidly shifted to the other line.

Some railroads in this country have built up enormous patronage and have made millions of money by insisting on uniform courtesy from their employees to patrons of their roads, while parallel roads have been unsuccessful and have gone into the hands of receivers because of the lack of courtesy of their employees.

A great many otherwise good hotel men have failed, or met with very indifferent success, because they lacked the qualities that would make themselves or their houses popular. They may keep good hotels, but customers go to the poorer houses, where the proprietors are more genial and kindly, the employees more courteous and agreeable.

Some hotel clerks are so sunny and obliging, so anxious to please, that people go a long distance out of their way to patronize their hotel. They may not know the proprietor at all; they may have no desire whatever to give their patronage to that particular hotel, but they like the clerk. He is genial and always looks out for them, and this goes a great way with men who are away from home, whose only substitute for the home is the hotel.

How quickly you notice the atmosphere of a business house—a great department store, for example. There is as much difference between the feeling you have in walking through two great establishments as that you experience in talking with the different heads of these houses. In one, refinement, courteousness, consideration for others, a feeling of good will, permeates the very atmosphere. You have a feeling that every employee in the place would be glad to serve you if he could, and is anxious to please, whether you buy or not. There is evidence that the employer thinks a great deal of the character as well as the ability of his clerks, and that manners and deportment are never left out of consideration in their selection. In another house, only a few blocks away, you are ill at ease. Carelessness, indifference, and chilliness pervade the place. You do not feel at home. There is a lack of harmony, a sense of antagonism in the atmosphere. The employees make you feel that they are doing you a favor in letting you see the goods, or in giving you the opportunity to purchase them with your money.

The man who thinks he is going to make a fortune without considering the man at the

other end of the bargain is very short-sighted. In the long run the customer's best good is the seller's best good also; and, other things equal, the man succeeds best who satisfies his customers best and whose customers not only come back but also always bring others with them.

Merchants sometimes lose some of their best customers because of the insolence of a clerk. It is useless to say that the proprietor knows nothing about this; that it was not his fault. The fact remains that people prefer to go where they are treated courteously, kindly, and with consideration.

Great business houses find that it is impossible to carry on extensive trade without the practice of courtesy; and they vie with one another in securing the kindliest, the most affable, and most obliging employees possible in all departments. They look upon their employees as ambassadors representing them in their business. They know that they cannot afford to have their interest jeopardized by objectionable, indifferent clerks. They know that it will not pay to build attractive stores, to advertise and display their goods, to do everything possible to bring customers to them, and then have them turned away by

disagreeable, repellent clerks. They know that a clerk that will attract trade will not cost any more, and is worth ten times as much as one who drives customers away.

To-day our large business houses make a great point of accommodating customers, of obliging them and catering to their comfort in every possible way. Waiting-rooms, reading-rooms, with stationery, attendants, and even music, are furnished by some of them. Shrewd business men are finding that nothing pays so well as courtesy, and consideration for customers.

I know a man who has built up a big business largely because he is always trying to accommodate his customers, to save them expense, or to assist them in buying things which he does not carry.

There is a premium everywhere to-day upon courtesy and good manners. They are taken into consideration in hiring employees just as much as general ability.

A. T. Stewart owed a great deal of his success to his unvarying principle of employing fine appearing, polite clerks. He knew that the difference between snappish, independent, crabbed, indifferent clerks and well-mannered, gentlemanly ones, might make

all the difference to him between failure and success.

I know a girl who entered a store three years ago, when she had been in America only six months. She was not attractive, but she developed the remarkable ability of remembering everybody who came up to her counter, and often managed to get their names. They were surprised when they came up, to hear her call them by name. She not only remembered their names and faces, but she also studied their peculiar tastes, and remembered what they liked and what they disliked.

The clerks who had been there a long time made fun of this girl, and expressed their surprise that an immigrant should be taken into the store. Some of the best customers at first refused when making purchases to allow her to wait on them.

Her unattractiveness, and the consciousness that she was a newcomer, that she had been in this country only a few months, seemed to spur her on; and, while the other clerks were idling, joking, and laughing with customers, she was studying the situation, watching everybody, getting every bit of information she could, and she resolved to lift

herself to a position where the others would admire rather than criticise her.

In one year from the time she entered the store, this young lady was receiving the largest salary in her department, had charge of one of the stocks, and was even entrusted with part of the buying. In one year, this girl put to shame the American girls who had been in the establishment for years. While others were complaining that there was "no chance" to get up, that the heads were chosen by favoritism, this young immigrant was finding her opportunity at her first counter.

XIV. THE MIRACLE OF POLITE PERSISTENCY

XIV. THE MIRACLE OF POLITE PERSISTENCY

HEN genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up; when tact retires and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pulls" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistency, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible. Ah, what miracles tenacity of purpose has performed! The last to leave the field, the last to turn back, it persists when all other forces have surrendered and fled. It has won many a battle even after hope has left the field.

It is the man in the business world who will not surrender, who will not take no for an answer and who stands his ground with such suavity of manner, such politeness, that you can not take offense, can not turn him down, that gets the order; that closes the contract; that gets the subscription; that gets the credit or the loan.

He is a very fortunate man who combines a gracious manner, suavity, cordiality, cheerfulness, with that dogged persistency which never gives up.

It takes grit to persist when everybody else would stop; to keep on pleading your case when others would give up in despair; but it is just this ability to stick and hang, and yet not lose your temper or suffer your good sense or good judgment to fail you, that enables you to get a big salary where others get a small one, that gives you a reputation for being a king in your line while others are content to plod along in mediocrity.

Polite persistency plays a large part in the success of many business men.

It is the man who will not be turned down, no matter how gruff or impolite or insulting the would-be customer may be, who succeeds. He tries a second or third or fourth time, and often gains, not only the customer's admiration for his pluck and determination, but also gets the order or closes the contract because of his persistency and genial manners. It is characteristic of human nature to be prejudiced against all solicitors and agents, people who are trying to get an order or a subscription, and when a man finds that it

is easy to turn one down, to get rid of him, he will do so. But when he finds some one who will not be turned down and yet will not offend him, it is not so easy to get rid of him. He knows that when polite, dogged persistency confronts him he has a difficult task ahead of him, and he often succumbs out of sheer admiration of the solicitor's or salesman's persistency, especially if the man has an interesting personality and charm of manner.

It is the man who can stick to the disagreeable job, do it with energy and vim, the man who can force himself to do good work when he does not feel like doing it—in other words, the man who is master of himself, who has a great purpose, and who holds himself to his aim, whether it is agreeable or disagreeable, whether he feels like it or does not feel like it—that wins.

It is easy to do what is agreeable, to keep at the thing we like and are enthusiastic about; but it takes real grit to try to put our whole soul into that which is distasteful and against which our nature protests, but which we are compelled to do for the sake of others who would suffer if we did not do it.

To go every morning with a stout heart

and an elastic step, with courage and enthusiasm, to work which we are not fitted for and were not intended to do, work against which our very natures protest, just because it is our duty, and to keep this up, year in and year out, require heroic qualities.

XV. OVER-SENSITIVENESS AS A BARRIER

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RE you not acquainted with people who resemble sensitive plants whose leaves close the moment they are touched? You have to be constantly on your guard for fear of hurting them, and they have so many tender spots that you exert the greatest care not to inflict a wound. They feel a slight more keenly than coarser-grained persons would feel a blow. The worst of it is, they are always on the lookout for slights, and constantly taking offense where none is intended.

The writer knows of an able, educated gentleman who thinks that nearly every one who talks to him is trying to poke fun at him or to take advantage of him in some way. After talking to a man on some ordinary topic, he will say to a friend, "I wonder what that man meant by such and such a remark? Was he taking a fling? Was he sticking the gaff into me?" The most innocent remark addressed to him is likely to be misconstrued into a sneer or a slight. His

sensitiveness makes him suspicious of every one's words and motives. He imagines that he has many enemies, and that they are all the time watching for opportunities to stab him in the back. He has everything calculated to make one contented and happy, but his life is embittered by fancied slights and injuries.

Another victim of an exaggerated sensibility is a bright, well-trained young lady, whose most intimate friends, and even her near relatives, have to be continually on the watch for fear of wounding her. She broods over a joking remark until she magnifies it into an insult. She makes herself miserable for days over a fancied slight, and exhausts the patience of her friends by asking them to explain what they meant by certain expressions, looks, or gestures. People who are at first attracted by her many amiable qualities soon fall away from her because of the exactions imposed by her over-sensitiveness.

We frequently see unfortunate instances of extreme sensitiveness in families in which the mother or one of the children is all the time quivering from the pain inflicted by some perfectly innocent remark made by a brother or sister or some other member. The

father, perhaps, is a rough, hearty, practical sort of man, and the mother one of those extremely delicate, sensitive souls who suffers from every rough touch. She will mourn for days over an imaginary slight or cutting remark from her husband, who would not hurt her for the world, and who is totally unconscious of having caused pain. Or, it may be, one of the children is so sensitive that he is daily and hourly hurt by the less fine-grained brothers or sisters, and cries himself to sleep many a night because of thoughtless remarks of the others. Yet, if they had dreamed that their words would give pain, they would not have uttered them.

Thousands of people are out of positions, and can not keep places when they get them, because of this weakness. Many a good business man has been kept back, or even ruined, by his quickness to take offense, or to resent a fancied slight. There is many a clergyman, well educated and able, who is so sensitive that he can not keep a pastorate long. From his distorted viewpoint some brother or sister in the church is always hurting him, saying and thinking unkind things, or throwing out hints and suggestions calculated to injure him in the eyes of the congregation.

Many schoolteachers are great sufferers from over-sensitiveness. Remarks of parents, or school committees, or little bits of gossip which are reported to them make them feel as if people were sticking pins in them, metaphorically speaking, all the time. Writers, authors, and other people with artistic temperaments, are usually very sensitive. I have in mind a very strong, vigorous editorial writer who is so prone to take offense that he can not hold a position either on a magazine or a daily paper. He is cut to the very quick by the slightest criticism, and regards every suggestion in regard to his work as a personal affront. He always carries about an injured air, a feeling that he has been imposed upon, which greatly detracts from an otherwise agreeable personality.

The great majority of people, no matter how rough in manner or bearing, are kind-hearted, and would much rather help than hinder a fellowbeing, but they have all they can do to attend to their own affairs, and have no time to spend in minutely analyzing the nature and feelings of those whom they meet in the course of their daily business. In the busy world of affairs, it is give and take, touch and go, and those who expect to

get on must rid themselves of all morbid sensitiveness. If they do not, they doom themselves to unhappiness and failure.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do, and are kept from trying to make real their great life-dreams, because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points, which smart from the lightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.

Over-sensitiveness, whether in man or woman, is really an exaggerated form of self-consciousness. It is far removed from conceit or self-esteem, yet it causes one's own personality to overshadow everything else. A sensitive person feels that, whatever he does, wherever he goes, or whatever he says, he is the center of observation. He imagines that people are criticising his movements, making fun at his expense, or analyzing his character, when they are probably not thinking of him at all. He does not realize that other people are too busy and too much interested in themselves and other things to devote to him any of thir time beyond what is absolutely necessary. When he thinks they are aiming remarks at him, putting slights

upon him, or trying to hold him up to the ridicule of others, they may not be even conscious of his presence.

Morbid sensitiveness requires heroic treatment. A sufferer who wishes to overcome it must take himself in hand as determinedly as he would if he wished to get control of a quick temper, or to rid himself of a habit of lying, or stealing, or drinking, or any other defect which prevented his being a whole man.

"What shall I do to get rid of it?" asks a victim. Think less of yourself and more of others. Mingle freely with people. Become interested in things outside of yourself. Do not brood over what is said to you, or analyze every simple remark until you magnify it into something of the greatest importance. Do not have such a low and unjust estimate of people as to think they are bent on nothing but hurting the feelings of others, and depreciating and making light of them on every possible occasion. A man who appreciates himself at his true value, and who gives his neighbors credit for being at least as good as he is, can not be a victim of over-sensitiveness.

When a prominent Congressman was told

that a member of the House of Representatives had insulted him, he replied, "No gentleman would insult me, and no one else could." "But I am not derided," calmly replied Diogenes to one who told him that he was derided. The philosopher knew that only those are ridiculed who feel the ridicule and are hurt by it.

One should be so large and so conscious of his kinship with his Creator that he could not conceive himself as being made the butt of ridicule or a mark for contempt. Serene, large-minded people who place a proper estimate upon themselves are undisturbed by the trifles that completely upset smaller characters.

One of the best schools for a sensitive boy is a large business house in which he will be thrown among strangers who will not handle him with gloves. In such an environment he will soon learn that every one has all he can do to attend to his own business. He will realize that he must be a man and give and take with the others, or get out. He will be ashamed to play "cry baby" every time he feels hurt, but will make up his mind to grin and bear it. Working in competition with other people, and seeing that

exactly the same treatment is given to those above him as to himself, takes the nonsense out of him. He begins to see that the world is too busy to bother itself especially about him, and that, even when people look at him, they are not usually thinking of him.

A college course is of inestimable value to a boy or girl of over-refined sensibilities. Oftentimes, when boys enter college as freshmen, they are so touchy that their sense of honor is constantly being hurt and their pride stung by the unconscious thrusts of classmates and companions. But after they have been in college a term, and have been knocked about and handled in a rough but good-humored manner by youths of their own age, they realize that it would be the most foolish thing in the world to betray resentment. If one shows that he is hurt, he knows that he will be called the class booby, and teased unmercifully, so he is simply forced to drop his foolish sensitiveness.

We see the same thing in girls' colleges. Girls who are as sensitive as an aspen leaf, on entering college, come out at the end of their four years' course with all their excessive sensibility cured by repeated doses of common sense.

There are many, however, who must go through life without going through college; and, if they are troubled with sensitiveness, they must be their own healers. They must learn that real nobility and courage and effectiveness as a world-worker, as well as personal happiness and success, are impossible to one who is crippled by a supersensitive nature.

XVI. CLEAR GRIT DID IT

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A WELL-KNOWN New York lawyer, when a poor boy from the country, looking for a job, saw a sign hanging outside a store, "Boy Wanted." He took the sign down and walked boldly into the store. The proprietor, meeting him, indignantly asked what he meant by taking down that sign. "You won't need it any more," said the lad, "I'm going to take the job." And he took it.

The coveted goal of the centuries' quest has at last been reached, because an intrepid explorer took down the world's sign, "Wanted, A Man to Discover the North Pole," and determined it would no longer be needed; that he would find the Pole, if mortal man could find it, and he found it.

Clear grit did it. This is always more than a match for any obstacle, and has achieved all the great things in the world's history. It was clear grit that carried this man through the perils and awful hardships of the Arctic seas, through all the dangers of the desolate, unknown ice-fields, in which he well

knew hundreds of men had gone on the same quest, men as brave, resourceful, and determined, had perished.

No one knew better than Peary what he was braving, the risks he was taking, for he had put his life in jeopardy again and again, six times, in trying to reach the coveted goal.

After each failure to find the Pole, scores of people pleaded with Peary, never to try it again, to give up this wild dream; but it was useless to try to discourage a man with such bulldog tenacity of purpose. You could not dishearten him. He laughed at the pictures of danger, hardship, and insurmountable obstacles in his way. Nothing daunts such heroic spirits.

Almost a quarter of a century Peary spent in pursuit of his one unwavering aim, before his final triumph, but never once did faith or determination waver, never once did his courage fail him.

The late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs) said that one secret of the American's success is that he is not afraid of failure, that he plunges into the thing he has set his heart on with all his might and enthusiasm, without even a thought of the possibility of failing, and that *if he does fail, he gets up with more*

determination than before and fights until he wins.

Tenacity of purpose is characteristic of all men who have accomplished great things. They may lack other desirable traits, may have all sorts of peculiarities and weaknesses, but the quality of persistence, clear grit, is never absent from the man who does things. Drudgery can not disgust him, labor can not weary him, hardships can not discourage him; he will persist no matter what comes or goes, because persistence is part of his nature.

Have you ever seen a man who had no give-up in him, who could never let go his grip whatever happened, who, every time he failed, would come up smiling and with greater determination than before to push ahead? Have you ever seen a man who did not know the meaning of the word failure, who, like Grant, never knew when he was beaten, who had cut the words "can't" and "impossible" from his vocabulary, the man whom no obstacles could down, who was not disheartened by any misfortune, any calamity? If you have, you have seen a conqueror, a king among men.

Fearlessness, boldness, has ever been characteristic of great achievers. Men who have

no "dare" in their natures, who are afraid to take chances, who shrink from hardships, who can not forego their ease, must be content with small achievement.

Boldness and grit characterized the late E. H. Harriman, the greatest railroad builder in history, the man who controlled sixty-five thousand miles of road.

Whoever may criticise his methods, there can be no doubt as to his qualities of leadership. If Harriman had hesitated, had lacked the courage and grit to act at any great crisis in his career; if he had wavered, he would never have become the colossal power that he was in the railroad world. But he never doubted himself; he had confidence in his judgment, he never hesitated when he had once made his plans. Nor could hard times, panics, lack of capital, discouraged associates, anything, shake his confidence in the great future of the railroads he sought to combine and control.

Poor boys who complain that they have "no chance," that they have no one to help them, no influential friends to push them along, ought to read the story of Mr. Harriman's remarkable career. Suppose young Harriman had said to himself, as thousands

of American boys are saying to-day, "What chance have I, a poor country boy, with no rich relatives to push me along, with no way to get an education, to do anything great? My father is only a poor country clergyman with two hundred dollars a year salary. What opportunity is there for me to rise in the world?"

But young Harriman was made of the stuff that wins. At fourteen, with very little education, he went to work with nothing to back him but a vigorous resolve to improve his condition, a desperate determination to get on. These constituted his only capital. He began as an office-boy, and through sheer grit and tenacity, climbed, step by step, until he became a power to be reckoned with in the railroad world.

His reorganization of the Union Pacific road was one of the most colossal feats ever attempted by a business man. The road had long been in the Government receiver's hands. There was a general belief that it was hopelessly in debt. Its equipment was wretched. It was losing money rapidly. There had been a great railroad slump in different parts of the country. Many roads had gone to the wall. Congress had failed to furnish a

remedy for the Union Pacific situation. J. Pierpont Morgan's syndicate had attempted to do so, but failed. Then Harriman stepped into the breach. All this time his penetrating mind had been studying the intricate problem, and, all at once, when the outlook was most discouraging, an astounding proposition reached the Government, an offer to pay fifty-eight million dollars in cash for the wrecked road and an additional twenty-seven million to the holders of the first mortgage bonds. This was in February, 1898, and the man who had made J. Pierpont Morgan wonder, and the other great financiers open their eyes, swung into the world's vision as a coming railroad giant.

With his rare faculty for making people believe in him, Harriman so won the confidence of the Union Pacific directors that they gave him practically unlimited authority, the power to raise as much money as he possibly could, with permission to expend it in any way he saw fit. There were times when Harriman was obliged to act almost wholly upon his own judgment in matters involving many millions of dollars, but he never hesitated. He was an optimist. He knew that a good road, well equipped. and ably managed, pass-

ing through a country of such vast resources as that through which the Union Pacific passes, must ultimately make a great deal of money. The result was that within three or four years from the ending of the Government receivership, the once despised "streak of rust stretching from Omaha to Ogden" was paying dividends.

Grit is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. What has it not accomplished? It has paid the mortgage on the farm in innumerable cases; it has enabled delicate women to save the home for the family; it has stood in the gap and saved thousands of men from destruction in disasters and great emergencies, in hard times and business panics; it has enabled poor boys and girls to pay their way through college and to make places for themselves in the world; it has given cripples strength to support aged and invalid parents. It is more than a match for any handicap; it has tunneled mountains, bridged rivers, joined continents with cables and spanned them with railroads; it has discovered continents; it has won the greatest battles in history.

No substitute has ever been discovered for tenacity of purpose. An education, influen-

tial "pulls," or advantage of birth or fortune can not compensate for its lack.

After a friend of a New York merchant had named a number of good qualities in recommending a boy for a position, the merchant said, "Does he keep at it? That is the principal thing. Does he have staying qualities?"

That is the great life-interrogation. "Do you keep at it?" "Can you stick by your proposition?" "Can you persevere after failure?" "Have you grit enough to hold on, to stick and hang, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles?"

On every hand we see people who have turned back, people who had pluck enough to begin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them to a finish.

The point at which you are tempted to turn back, the point when your grit leaves you, will measure your achievement power. Your ability to go on, to continue after everybody else has turned back, is a good measure of your possible success.

The late Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, whose whole life was an example of grit, after being defeated twice in his race for the State Senate, said, "I think I get

along because *it doesn't hurt me to get licked.* I can chum with the man who beats me. There is nothing like knowing when *not* to quit."

When Grant was at Shiloh, he said, "I thought I was going to fail, but I kept right on." It was this keeping right on that made him the greatest military figure of his age. After his defeat at the first battle of Shiloh, nearly every newspaper of both parties in the North, and most of the members of Congress, demanded his removal. Friends of the President pleaded with him to give the command to some one else, but Lincoln simply replied, to all appeals and delegations, "I can't spare this man. He fights. He's got the grip of a bulldog, and when he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off."

There is no other quality which stands so near genius as persistency. It has won many a battle after the other qualities have surrendered, when even judgment had given up, and hope had been abandoned. The youth who has the faculty of holding on, though he may be stupid in school, and dull of comprehension, is likely to win out in the end. A boy is more likely to succeed in life if he has this one quality, even if he is lacking in

all other success qualities, than if he possess greater brilliancy without it.

The man who is bound to win is the sort of a man Mr. Roosevelt admires so much, the man "who does not shrink back from temporary defeat in life, but who comes up again and again and wrests triumph from defeat."

The real test of character is what a man does after he fails. What will he do next? What resources, what inventiveness, will his failure arouse in him? Will it discover new sources of power, will it bring out reserves, double his determination, or will it dishearten him?

This is the test of your manhood. How much is there left in you after you have failed in your undertaking and have lost everything outside of yourself? If you lie down then, throw up your hands, acknowledge yourself beaten, you are not made of the stuff that wins.

There are varying degrees of persistency. Some men start out with great zeal, but turn back at their first defeat, while failures only enhearten others, call out their reserves, and make them all the more resolute, determined, to win. For some men every defeat is a

Waterloo, but there is no Waterloo for the man who has clear grit, for the man who persists, who never knows when he is beaten. Those who are bound to win never think of defeat as final. They look upon it as a mere slip. They get up after each failure with new resolution, more determination than ever to go on until they win.

The great miracles of civilization have been wrought by men who had so set their hearts on their aims that nothing could keep them from pressing on. What can you do with a man who is willing to stake all his future, his property, his reputation, everything he possesses, even life itself, upon the fulfilment of his heart's desire? There isn't much you can do with such a man, but let him go ahead.

The world makes way for the determined man. Everybody believes in the man who persists, sticks, hangs on, when others let go. Tenacity of purpose gives confidence. If you stick to your purpose through thick and thin, if you have the genius of persistence, you have the first qualification of an achiever.

Sir Thomas Lipton went one day into one of his numerous stores. A clerk who did

not know the gentleman, seeing him about to leave the store without making a purchase, approached him and immediately began to extol the virtues of "Lipton's cheese." Sir Thomas tried in vain to shake him off, telling him that he did not require any cheese just at present, that he was merely looking round. But the persistent clerk was not so easily shaken off, and before his employer could get out of the store, he had paid for a pound of his own cheese. A few days later the young man was promoted.

Great generals tell us there is an awful, decisive moment in every battle, when the army is almost ready to give up. This is the supreme, psychological moment on which everything depends. When the courage of the rank and file is ebbing, when the soldiers feel like running away, then it is that the leaders must make a supreme effort to turn the tide, to inspire and enhearten the men and keep them from breaking.

There are few men who do not come to this decisive turning-point in life's great battle, this supreme moment in their careers, on which hangs victory or defeat.

Thousands of men to-day are in poverty and suffering who found out after they had

given up that they had been almost in sight of victory when they surrendered, who saw those who took up the work where they had dropped it very quickly win out. I believe that a large proportion of the failures in life could be prevented just by holding on a little longer.

Sometime ago a Chicago man told me that his firm being heavily embarrassed, the partners, after several consultations, had decided to make an assignment. Going home after this decision had been reached this man took up a magazine and read a little squib, headed "Do Not Give Up Yet; Hold On a Little Longer." He was so impressed by it that he telephoned his partners and told them he wanted to make another effort to extricate the firm from its difficulties before giving up. In one year from that day, the firm had not only saved its reputation, and been spared the humiliation of bankruptcy, but was actually making money. Only a little more grit, a little more persistency, was needed to save the situation.

There may come a time in your life when you will have no idea what to do next, when you may not be able to make a single intelligent move, when you can see no light ahead.

Then is the time simply to hang on and refuse to give up.

The first lesson the success candidate should learn is that of "keeping on, and keeping on, and keeping on." Without this tenacity of purpose, education, brilliancy, even genius, will not amount to much. With it many a one-talent man has been more successful than ten-talent men without it.

It was holding on three days more that discovered the New World. It was holding on a few hours more which brought the explorers to the Pole. The same is true of scores of inventions. The world owes more to the persistency that never gives up than to almost anything else.

This is the proof of greatness—when a man can stick to his aim, can deliver his message to mankind, accomplish his mission in spite of all sorts of embarrassments, irritations, and disheartening conditions.

Many of the grandest men in the world to-day started as poor boys with no friends, no backing, no other capital but pure grit and invincible purpose.

The Bible promise is always to the man who holds out, who endures to the end, "to him that overcometh."

XVII. SYSTEM IN BUSINESS

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YSTEMLESS merchants suffer an enormous waste through haphazard methods. They never know what they have on hand. They duplicate orders, overpurchase or underpurchase. Their stock is not up-to-date. They are behind the times in styles. They never clean up and start fresh. Everything is in confusion. In a slipshod country store we often hear, when a customer inquires for something: "Let me see, George; we had that. Do you know what became of it? It must be around somewhere." And everybody hunts for it, pulling over other goods and getting everything out of place, until the store is in greater confusion.

Customers have no time or patience for such trading. What wonder that one of the commercial agencies mentions "lack of system" as the cause of failure of thousands of concerns.

Go for a moment into an establishment where the help is not properly organized, where everything is left to chance and where

the proprietor has no program and makes up his plan as he goes along, meeting the demand just for the time as best he can. Nervous, anxious, distracted, and incompetent, we see him flutter about like a bird with a broken wing, always on the run, always hurrying. He never has time to speak to his friends. He is, perhaps, crowding his help, urging everybody to do more, or getting more help, who work ever at cross purposes, without proper direction or program. If his employees are working all the time and hurrying, he thinks they must be accomplishing a great deal, when just the opposite may be true, the work being done over and over again, duplicated by half a dozen people.

Employees are not going to trouble themselves about orderliness if the proprietor does not think it worth while. They will become indifferent, lazy, shiftless, and unattractive in their dress and manner. The shiftlessness of the employer will sift down through the entire establishment, even to the office boy.

Vast interests and enterprises with thousands and tens of thousands of employees, may be easily managed by an effective system. It matters not how large the business. It is a question of program. A large bus-

iness can be conducted as easily as a small one, if the system is effective.

No matter what your vocation, you must keep a clear head and steady judgment if you would attain anything like eminence in it. You must have a clean-cut program and work by it, and not at cross purposes, thus counteracting your own efforts. This is a day of thinkers, of planners. It is the deep, systematic thinker with a plan and with the executive ability to carry it out that succeeds. There is little chance to-day for the man with a befogged brain or with slipshod methods. Organizing ability is capital in these days of large enterprises and vast combinations.

What would you think of a musician who would attempt to lead a great orchestra with no definite plan as to what they should play? Suppose the leader should get his men together and say: "Well, boys, we are all ready to begin." "But," says the violinist, "we have no music. What are we going to play?" "Oh, we will just start in and play something. We will come out all right." What would there be but a pandemonium of harsh, discordant, jangling notes, which would drive the audience to distraction, and the trained ears of the musicians would suffer

most. Yet everywhere we see splendid men and women throwing away precious energy because they have not learned to work by a program. It is the habit of systematic thinking, methodical working, that makes available whatever ability a man has. Without this, he is always throwing his efforts away.

It is a most unfortunate thing not to have a mind that is logical enough and forceful enough to work by a program. I have in mind a most excellent and hard-working business man who has always been the victim of his own confused thought. He is very energetic, a man with a fine purpose; but he has not the slightest idea of order or working by a program. He seems to think that if he only works hard, and is conscientious he must inevitably succeed; but he never has. He reminds one of an engine off the track, puffing away and working hard. The wheels are flying around rapidly, but the engine does not get anywhere. It does not pull the train to any destination. It is in the mud, and it is a failure because it has no track, no direction, no way to save its energy or to give it direction. It is like the dummy engine which the boy said "Looked

like a locomotive and made a noise like one, but never got anywhere."

A man without an aim is like a ship's hulk on the ocean, stripped of rudder and sail, buffeted by the winds, a prey to the tide, and the tempest, and the rocks. Half the world is adrift, without aim or purpose, living an unplanned, hand-to-mouth existence. There are thousands of human barques on the sea of life, sailing aimlessly, without chart or compass, and yet they wonder why they never find a favorable harbor. Some of them, loaded with coal, float into the Newcastle harbors; others, with ice, drift into the arctic regions.

Is there a more helpless creature on earth than a man who is not dominated by some mighty aim which gives color and direction to all his acts?

The most hopeful moment in any life is when there comes to it the dawning of a fixed purpose, something definite, a plan.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington, on the eve of his great struggle with Napoleon, really fought the battle of Waterloo by pins and strings and watches on the map of Europe which was stretched before him. Every man who does things in this world

does them on paper first, or in his head. He has thought his achievements out long before they have been wrought out in actuality. It is the planner, the man who can make a practical program and carry it out, that does things worth while in this world.

The great majority of people do not know how to make a program and they could not carry it out if they had one. The persistent keeping at a thing does not amount to much if there is no program under it all, no great directing force.

Men who lack system and try to do an extensive business are always crying for more help. They think if they only had people enough around them, they could do great things. What these men want is more effective system, and not more help. They waste an enormous amount of mental and physical energy by making false moves in almost everything they do, by habits of indecision, by working without planning or system,—working at a disadvantage.

I have in mind a man who is a great "hustler." No matter what time of day you see him,—whether in his office or out,—he is always in a dead rush. He can give you but a second of his time, and if you show an

inclination to talk longer, he will take out his watch and remind you that his time is very precious. He does a fair business, but at an enormous expense of effort and waste of energy. He has no idea of the economy of labor, but tries to make up for his total lack of system, his helter-skelter way of doing things, by more help. He has twice as many employees about him as other men who do double the amount of business, and do it more effectively. He has a systemless mind. He lacks the faculty of getting things out of the way. The result is, he is always clogged with rubbish. His desk and office look like a junk shop. He is always so busy that he never has time to put things away, and, if he had, he would not know where to put them, and if he put them away he could not find them. I have been in his office many times, and he was nearly always hunting for something among the rubbish on his desk, where there were bushels of letters and papers piled up, left just where he happened to use them.

This man has no system in his work for himself or his employees, and yet he is always hurrying, pushing, driving everybody; always telling them that everything is be-

hind, and urging them to get through with more work. Everything is in confusion. Nobody seems to know what to do next. All are working in the dark. If they ask him what to do, he simply tells them to push their work along; they are behind time. He does not know how to give definite and effective orders. He makes no program, starts out in the morning without a plan, and everybody goes as he pleases, except that the proprietor is always trying to hurry everybody.

I know a competitor of his who never seems to be in a hurry. He is always calm, cool, never thrown off his center. No matter how hard business presses him, he has time to treat you decently, and never reminds you that he is in a rush. Everything is quiet about his office and place of business. Nobody seems to be hurrying, and yet the work moves right along. There is no confusion anywhere, no working at cross purposes, no unnecessary duplication of work. He cleans up his desk every night. No important letter remains unanswered, all orders are filled promptly; and, although he does a hundred times as much business as the other man, you would not think to see him that he was accomplishing much. Everything goes like

clockwork, simply because the man uses his head. He multiplies himself in those about him, projects his system all through his establishment, so that every office boy and every cash boy feels that he is a part of the mighty system. Everybody works by a program, and thus all the hustle and bustle which keep the other man in confusion are eliminated.

Just the difference in the way the two men use their heads makes the difference in the way they conduct their business. Misdirected, systemless work will make any business management ineffective, while careful planning, simple, effective system, will aid even moderate ability to accomplish vast results.

How few business men make a study of the economy of time and energy of employees! They handle their goods over and over again. People are working at cross purposes everywhere, duplicating work, confusing orders. A little planning, a little more shrewd head-work, would save many a house from dry rot and paralysis.

These fussy, fidgety, nervous, jerky little men never stop long enough to think deeply into their business, to plan comprehensively.

They hurry to their offices, open their mail with a rush, look around the establishment a little, without ever acquiring that penetrating eye and sharp observation which characterizes the great merchant who uses his head. They do not penetrate beneath the rind of things, and get down to the core of principle.

In most of the smaller concerns, which have never been able to rise above mediocrity, you will find high-priced employees opening mail, sorting letters, sending out circulars, doing work which could just as well be done by low-salaried help. You will find people working at a disadvantage all around the establishment, doing the wrong thing, the uneconomical, unbusinesslike thing, just for the lack of a little thought projected into a system. Everywhere people are using their hands and their feet instead of their heads, trying to substitute muscle for brain.

All this hurry and flurry, rush and drive amount to nothing. It is the calm, cool, calculating head that accomplishes things. A level-headed, keen business man would go through such an establishment in his own line, and in a single day make comments, suggest changes, and give ideas which would revolu-

tionize the whole business, and lift this mediocre concern into excellence. Yet the proprietors of these small houses go through life complaining of their hard luck and the fates which keep them down. They lay their non-success to a bad location or change of business, or to too many competitors, when competent men all about them know that they do not succeed because they fail to make proper use of their heads.

There are business men in this country to-day who multiply their powers hundreds of times by projecting themselves into others by their splendid system. The great majority of people do not know how to project themselves into others and to multiply the powers of those about them many times through system.

Many a business man can with a program multiply the power of a clerk so that he can accomplish a score of times as much as without it. He can double and treble and quadruple the producing ability of everybody about him—aiding them in carrying out his plans—through his long-headed, farseeing program. Everybody around such a man works to a plan. Each employee's ability is multiplied many times by taking on the

plan of his chief and helping him to carry it out.

It is not so much a question of what you do yourself as the kind of program you can lay out, and get executed, a program which is far-reaching, simple, yet effective, and which enhances the value of every employee who helps to carry it out. Every young man should be trained to multiply himself in others by a program which they can carry out.

Who would ever have known of J. Pierpont Morgan, but for this power of projecting himself and his own program into others, getting them to carry out his ideas? What would General Grant have accomplished if he had attempted to do the fighting himself, to do a private's work? His work was effective because he projected his own personality, his own program, through the entire army.

In some of our larger establishments, one seems to feel the law of harmony and order the moment he enters. Everything appears to be done on a plan. There are no loose ends. In the whole institution there is no jarring or discord. Like the works of a perfect timepiece, every department is a wheel which

runs in perfect harmony with all the other wheels. The employees are neat and tidy, polite, attentive, prompt, accommodating. One marvels as he goes through our great department stores and sees the evidences everywhere of a systematic brain that acts as a mainspring to the whole institution. You can quickly get at any detail of the business. Every letter is filed, every transaction registered, every package is checked off, and the least error is detected.

With no odds and ends to distract him, no waste in the workroom, no chaos in the office, the orderly man gives the impression of force and capacity, balance and serenity, one saving his strength for his work. He is not always up in arms about something. He does not go all to pieces over every little thing. The man with most method has the most time. His business is going on according to his program. His success does not depend upon his being at the helm every moment of the day. He has learned to duplicate himself, and to project himself in others who carry out his program.

Are we astonished that young men with very small capital obtain credit? They have such splendid system—always knowing just

where they stand—that they can get more credit than systemless men with larger capital. Their statements give their creditors confidence that they know how to manage a business in a masterly way. Here is one young man doing a business of over half a million dollars a year almost wholly on credit; his system, running almost like clockwork, enables him to get large loans from banks that would not furnish a tithe of it to a man of the same ability without the same system.

XVIII. THE TRAGEDY OF CARELESSNESS

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HO could ever estimate the lives lost, the vast number of human beings injured, and the tremendous loss of property caused every year by carelessness? Just a little indifference or carelessness, just a few little bubbles in a casting, and a whole building is wrecked, or a bridge goes down into the river, carrying its train of precious human freight.

Just a little flaw in a rail, or in a wheel, or a bit of machinery, just a little carelessness, and scores of people may lose their lives. We are always on the lookout for big things; but it is the little things that escape detection that cause the great mischief.

Oh, the tragedy of carelessness, enacted every day in our country by employees, which comes from indifference, from lack of interest, from not thinking, from a wandering mind! How many customers and how much money are lost by business houses every year from careless letters, careless packing, and careless addressing,—useless blunders! How

many lives are lost from the carelessness of railway employees, of switchmen, and of motormen!

It is a most unfortunate thing for a large establishment to be honeycombed by the carelessness of its employees who break things, ruin goods, furniture, china, glassware, works of art,—all sorts of things,—by sheer carelessness.

In our homes, everywhere, we see evidences of carelessness and indifference. Our furniture is always falling to pieces, because not properly glued or doweled—our beds breaking down, castors falling out, and chairs becoming rickety.

The little mistakes of the employees in John Wanamaker's establishment cost the firm more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The manager in a large Chicago house says that he has to station pickets here and there all through the establishment in order to neutralize the evils of inaccuracy. One business man states that inaccuracy costs the city of Chicago one million dollars a day, and, when we remember that somebody is blundering somewhere every minute of the day, this does not seem strange. Yet the most of those who make mistakes would say

that they are little things to make such a fuss about; in the aggregate, however, they amount to a small fortune. These careless clerks doubtless wonder why they are not promoted, and would be greatly surprised if told that these trifling errors are the cause of their slow advancement.

Some minds seem to be almost incapable of accurate action. There is loose-jointedness about their very mental make-up. If we analyze these people, we find that they do not observe definitely or think sharply. They lack mental method and system. Slipshod thinkers are loose-jointed doers.

"Oh, that is good enough. Do not spend so much time on that thing. We can not afford it, Charlie. We do not get pay for it." This was the exclamation of a proprietor of an upholstery shop to a new boy who was employed to run errands and to get and deliver goods in a push-cart. When the boy had a few minutes, he borrowed tools and repaired furniture. He soon became so skilled that the proprietor set him to work at upholstering furniture. The only fault he had to find was that he was too particular, and he would say, "Do not use two nails where one will do. Do not spend two hours

on a job when one hour will do. We do not get pay for that sort of nicety." But the boy was not satisfied with "good enough," or "pretty fair." He always insisted upon everything being done to a finish, and would never let a job go out of his hands, if he could help it, until it was done just as well as he could do it. This was his trade-mark.

The determination of this young man to do everything to a finish has carried him to a high and a very responsible position within a few years, and now he has hundreds of men under his authority.

The reputation of being absolutely accurate and painstaking is equal to a large amount of capital to a young man going into business for himself. Banks are more likely to give him credit, and jobbing houses will trust him when they would not place confidence in a slipshod man of equal ability.

Thoroughness is the twin brother of honesty. When an employee gets the reputation of doing a thing not pretty nearly, but exactly right, it has more influence with his employer than brilliancy or talent.

For example, a young stenographer who is accurate in taking notes, who spells correctly, punctuates properly, and whose judg-

ment and common sense enable him to correct involved sentences, or matter that has been hastily dictated without reference to grammatical construction, will never be out of a situation.

XIX. THE LOVE OF EXCELLENCE

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NEW YORK millionaire told me, some time ago, that when working his way up his salary was raised from seven dollars and fifty cents a week to ten thousand dollars a year without any intermediate steps, and he was also made a partner in the large dry goods concern for which he was working. He had agreed to work for the firm for five years for this stated salary, but he had grit and determination and no idea of just trying to earn seven dollars and fifty cents a week and then stopping. He was resolved to show his employers that he was equal to any man in their employ, and that he was capable and worthy of being made a partner.

The quality of his work very quickly commanded attention. At the end of three years he had developed such skill in judging goods that another concern offered him three thousand dollars a year to go abroad as its buyer. He said that he did not mention this offer to his employers, nor even suggest the break-

ing of his agreement to work for seven and a half dollars a week, although verbal, until his time was up. Many people would say he was very foolish not to accept the offer mentioned, but the fact was that his firm, in which he ultimately became a partner, paid him ten thousand dollars a year at the expiration of his seven-and-a-half-dollar contract. They saw that he was giving them many times the amount of his salary, and in the end he was the gainer. Suppose he had said to himself, "They give me only seven and a half dollars a week, and I will earn only seven and a half dollars a week; I am not going to earn fifty dollars a week when I am getting only seven and a half!" This is what many boys would have said, and then they would have wondered why they were not advanced.

It is not wholly a question of cheating an employer; you cheat yourself when you do poor work. The employer is not injured half as much as you are by half-done work. It may be a loss of a few dollars to him, but to you it is loss of character and self-respect, loss of manhood or womanhood.

Put your trade-mark upon everything you touch.

Every piece of work that goes out of your hands is more important to you than every piece of work that goes out from the factories of the well-known New York firm, Tiffany and Company, is to them. They can back everything they do with the weight of a reputation which required a century to build up. Everything that goes out from this establishment is guaranteed to be just as represented, the best of its kind. How did it get its world-wide reputation? By doing things to a complete finish; by doing them as well as they could be done; by being absolutely reliable.

You may not be in the store-keeping business, but you are in business of some sort. What is your merchandise? Everything that comes out of your hand is a piece of your merchandise. You are giving it to the world in your service. It should bear the hall-mark of your character, should have your trade-mark upon it.

Everything you do should stand for superiority, for excellence; should be proof positive that it is not done in a slipshod, slovenly way, but that it is done to a complete finish, just as well as you know how to do it, just as well as any human being can do it.

Some one says that *efficiency never has to go begging for advancement;* the man that masters his trade goes to the front.

I know a young man who was advanced over the heads of much older men than he is, simply because he filled minor positions with marked superiority and took infinite pains to stamp his efficiency and integrity upon everything he did. His financier employers, watching him, took his measure and placed him in the highest office in their institution, a position which he has filled for years with great efficiency. He has recently been offered the presidency of a great institution in which he has had no experience whatever. He was chosen because of the marked superiority which has characterized his work and everything he has ever undertaken.

I once knew this young man to forego an important banquet to which he had been invited, and keep a force of stenographers in his office until ten o'clock at night, rewriting a large number of letters, because of a mistake which many of those in positions above him would have regarded as too trivial to make such a fuss about. A misspelled word, a carelessly written letter, bad punctuation,

a stamp up-side-down or crosswise on an envelope, a blunder or inaccuracy of any kind were not trifles to this man. Everything which went through his hands had to be done to a complete finish. To do it "fairly well," "pretty well," was not enough; it must be done *just right.* No doubt many of those above him laughed at him for being so particular, for keeping his stenographers after hours to remedy a trifling defect, but they did not laugh long at him. The officers who would not recognize him on the street a few years ago, when he was a "nobody" in the concern, now take their hats off to him.

Make it an unvarying principle of your life to touch nothing upon which you can not put the trade-mark of your character, the patent of your manhood. When any piece of work goes out from your hands, let it bear the stamp of *a man.*

A young lady working on a paper once said she did not try to do very good work for her employers, because they "did not pay much." This doing poor work because it does not pay much is just what keeps thousands and thousands of young people from getting on in the world. Small pay is no ex-

cuse for doing half work or slovenly work. Indeed the pay which one receives should have nothing to do with the quality of his work. The work should be a matter of conscience. It is a question of character, not of remuneration. A person has no right to demoralize his character by doing slovenly or half-finished work simply because it doesn't pay much. A conscientious person will do his work just as well if he receives nothing more than his board for it. A large part of the best work that has ever been done in the history of the world has been only half paid for.

An employee has something at stake besides his salary. He has character. There are manhood and womanhood involved, compared with which salary is nothing. The way one does his work enters into the very fiber of his character. It is a matter of conscience, and no one can afford to sell himself because his salary is meager.

Besides, if one puts his very best self into every little thing he does,—puts his heart and conscience into it, and tries to see how much, and not how little, he can give his employer, —he will not be likely to be underpaid very long, for he will be advanced. Good work cuts its own channel and does its own talk-

ing. What matter if you do twenty-five dollars' worth of work for five dollars? It is the best advertisement of your worth you can possibly give. Bad work, half-done work, slipshod work, even with a good salary, would soon ruin you. No, the way to get on in the world is not to see how little you can give for your salary, but how much. Make your employer ashamed of the meager salary he gives by the great disproportion between what you do and what you get. Character is a very great factor in success, and the personal impression you make on your employer will certainly tell. If not, it will attract the attention of other employers.

I have seldom known of a young person who persistently and determinedly filled his position in the best manner possible who was not eventually the gainer, even from a financial standpoint, to say nothing of the infinite gain in character and self-respect.

Young people should start out with the conviction that there is only one way to do anything, and that is the best that it can be done, regardless of remuneration.

They should be greater than the petty means of getting a living. They are making character-fiber every day. Their manhood

and womanhood are woven from the warp and woof of their daily work and thought. They can not afford to weave rotten or sleazy threads into their great life fabric.

Not long ago I asked a young man how he was getting along, and he said, "I am just intoxicated with my work. I can not get enough of it. I just ache every morning to get to my task, and I leave it with the same regret at night that a born artist lays down his brush when the twilight cuts him off."

There is no need of anxiety about the future of a young man who faces his work in this spirit.

"The man," says Elbert Hubbard, "who not only does his work superbly well, but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience, and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct, and unforgettable, is an artist. And this applies to each and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, or a factory; writing, speaking, modeling, or painting. *It is that last indefinable touch that counts:* the last three seconds he knocks off the record that proves the man a genius."

Apart altogether from the question whether the doing of his work in a superb way makes

a man an artist or a genius, it is certain that there is nothing else quite like the satisfaction that comes to one from the consciousness of doing the very best thing possible to him.

Neither wealth nor position can give *the glow of satisfaction, the electric thrill and uplift which comes from a superbly done job.*

There is a fitness in doing a thing superlatively well, because we seem to be made for expressing excellence. It seems to harmonize with the very principles of our being. It is a perpetual tonic, improves the health, the happiness, the efficiency. There is no happiness like that which comes from *doing our level best every day, always, everywhere;* no satisfaction like that which comes from stamping superiority, putting the royal trade-mark of excellence upon everything which goes through our hands.

XX. PUT NEW BLOOD INTO YOUR BUSINESS

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S the blood in the human system is constantly being renewed to keep the body strong and vigorous, so must the business man keep his business up to standard by the constant infusion of new ideas and improved methods.

It is astonishing how blind a man who never leaves his store, who gets no inspiration from contact with other men and other business establishments, becomes to the defects in his own system, his own house, and his own employees.

A successful Chicago grocer says that a week's vacation, spent in visiting the large grocery stores of the country, entirely changes his way of looking at his business. Every year this man takes a trip East to study the methods and management of leading houses in his line. He feels that this is absolutely necessary in order to keep from falling into ruts, and to enable him to look at his business from a broad and impartial standpoint. Besides getting many new ideas, suggestions for

more effective ways of doing business, and better methods of selecting and displaying goods, he declares that, on his return from this yearly trip, his store does not look like the same place it was when he left it but a week before.

Little defects which he had not hitherto noticed, unattractive arrangements of goods, carelessness or uncouthness in employees, matters which before seemed too trivial for consideration, if they claimed his attention at all, now stand out in bold relief as they would to the eyes of a stranger or casual customer. On his enlarged horizon, the "trifles" have assumed their true proportions. Then he has what he calls a house-cleaning; turns the exhibits upside down; lets incompetent or indifferent employees go; and surrounds his business with an entirely new atmosphere. This up-to-date method has a great influence upon the employees.

Very few people realize the value of first impressions in business matters, or look at their own occupation from the outside point of view. Those who remain constantly in the same environment are sure to fall into ruts. They get so accustomed to the old surroundings that little defects and lapses from the

high standard with which they started creep in almost unconsciously. Their existence, indeed, is not realized until they are seen under different circumstances. Then they are forced on the attention with the strength of first impressions. A hotel man, for instance, will notice more things that can be improved in a competitor's house, the first hour after he enters it, than the proprietor himself, who never visits other hotels, would see in a year. The only way to clear the vision is to let in new light, to go abroad and see what others in the same line are doing.

If left at rest, the purest water will soon become stagnant, and the most ably conducted businesses, if their proprietors are not constantly on the alert,—eternally vigilant in looking for better methods, and the latest improvements,—will eventually retrograde.

No young man can afford to rest content with bringing his business up to a certain point. He must ever be reaching out beyond that point. The moment he is satisfied that he can not carry improvements any farther, that moment marks the beginning of the decay of his business.

The progressive man must keep in touch with his competitors. He must visit model

stores, business fairs, shows, and openings,—everything that will give him an opportunity to study better methods than his own,—to gather new ideas, and to put new blood into the arteries of his business.

The junior member of a firm recently established was asked by an old business man how they managed to get their store so quickly into line, so fully equipped, and in such excellent working order. The young man replied that he had been "on the road" for some time, had visited food fairs and model stores in different sections of the country, and that the firm had put into practice the points he had gained while traveling. He then confided to him some entirely new and attractive features which they were about to introduce as the result of his observations while "on the road."

A marked characteristic of the progressive man is that he is always improving something somewhere. He has a horror of possible deterioration, and he knows the demoralizing, disintegrating power of familiarity with inferiority.

The trouble with most men is that they think they must improve their business as a whole, in some mysterious way, in order to

get ahead. They do not know the magic of keeping everlastingly at the little improvements everywhere. It is the effort to improve little things in one's business that counts. It is the gradual betterment, evolution, not the great spasmodic strokes that, in the long run, count most.

Start out every morning with the determination to improve upon the day before. Resolve to leave your office, factory, or other place of business at night with things in a little better condition than they were the night before. Make some improvement somewhere every day. Move your pegs a little further along or a little higher up. You will be surprised to see the transformation in your business within a year.

Besides, this habit of eternally improving things, of jacking them up a little higher, making everything a little better, is contagious. Your employees will catch the spirit and they will try to improve on each day's work.

The man who is a perpetual inspiration to everybody about him has a tremendous advantage over the man who is a constant depressant, a discourager, who kills ambition by his criticism and harsh judgment.

If you can spur people about you to do their best voluntarily, you will have a powerful ally in your work.

Put this motto up in your office and look at it every morning: "Where can I improve my business to-day?"

I know a man who adopted this motto early in life, and it has been a perpetual inspiration to him. You can see the effects of it upon everything he does. He is always trying to improve on his best. The result is that he has developed more of his ability than any other man I know. There are no fag-ends or half-finished, slipshod jobs about him. Completeness is the trade-mark upon everything in and around his premises. Nothing else seems to trouble him more than a poor day's work or a bad job.

XXI. A VACATION AS AN INVESTMENT

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O not think a vacation is a loss of time. It is the best kind of an investment—an investment in fresh brains, in vigorous health, in increased vitality.

People who seldom or never take a vacation get into ruts. Their minds get stuffy and clouded; they lose the power of expansion, of growth; they lose freshness of view; the ability to grasp opportunities; and, finally, they lose their grip on things and on themselves.

Recreation for those who have been held closely to business for a long time, is like the turning up of hard soil by the plow, letting in the sunlight and stirring up the chemical forces that have been sleeping during the winter. Slumbering germs start when they feel the warm sun, the gentle rain, and the tonic of the dew. There is rejuvenation and growth in recreation in the country. It loosens up the hard soil of prejudice—mental ruts—and refreshes and invigorates the germs of character.

Life in the city has become so intense that it is necessary to break loose from it every now and then, to get in closer touch with Nature, and "drink power from the fountain head"; to get so close to Mother Earth that she can whisper her secrets in our ears.

It is a great thing to keep one's self growing in this age of specialists. The man who continues to work in a rut, who confines himself to one special line, betrays every year a lessening tendency to reach out into new fields, to expand, to grow outside of his little line of endeavor. People who take no vacations lose the rhythm of life. Their days are all monotonous work.

Play is just as important to symmetrical development, to a well-balanced life, as work. A vacation helps to balance our powers, to give us a more symmetrical development. It keeps us from becoming one-sided. It improves our judgment.

People who alternate work with play, who frequently get close to Nature, preserve the sweetness of life; are sounder, saner; have more common-sense than those who never drop their work.

If you use your vacation properly, you will return to your work a larger, happier, bet-

ter-balanced man or woman, with brighter, fresher views. The complete rest of the brain cells and faculties, which you used continuously during the previous strenuous months, will make you more capable than you were when you went away.

There is no better investment than that of a good vacation in the country, where you can drink in beauty and power at first hand. There can be no better investment than health.

The tendency of the strenuous life is toward mental unbalancing, lopsidedness; and this tendency, if not counter-balanced by sufficient play, must result in the complete loss of mental balance. Thousands of people in our insane asylums are there because they lost the rhythm of life. Work and play were not properly balanced in their lives.

"Better to hunt in the fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend."

All the drugs in all the apothecaries' shops, all the sanitariums, and all the physicians in the world could never effect the wonders which are wrought by Nature in the millions

of city dwellers who flock to the country each year to be made anew.

What a change is wrought in our city populations between the months of June and October! Pale, emaciated, careworn, nervous, excitable men and women are transformed as if by magic. Ruddy, sun-browned cheeks take the place of faded ones; dull eyes regain their luster; weak, lagging steps are quickened into vigorous, elastic ones; stooping forms are made erect; looks of anxiety and discouragement yield to serene, hopeful expression; buoyancy and cheerfulness chase away gloom and sadness; the disheartened return to their tasks with new courage, and the emaciated and flabby-muscled, with firm, healthy flesh, and tough muscles. Away with the suggestion that you can't afford a vacation! There could not be a greater mistake. As a matter of fact, you can make your vacation pay.—You can make it the most valuable investment of the year. You can get more real value out of it, more of the capital that will help you in your business, to say nothing of the increased happiness from your physical improvement, than you can get out of the same amount of time spent in any other way.

How is it possible for any one to make a more profitable investment of his time than that which will give him a firmer grip on his business, increased ability to cope with the problems of every day, a more cheerful outlook on life, and a renewed power of accomplishment in every fiber of his being?

There are some endowed with rugged physiques who can work on, year after year, without apparently losing energy. But, unconsciously, they lose in some way: in keenness of perception, soundness of judgment, breadth of vision, cheerfulness, or in some moral or spiritual quality, if not in physical strength. We can not wholly divorce ourselves from Nature without suffering loss, as we can not associate with her without gain.

Notice the average business man, at the end of a year's strain. How irritable and exacting he becomes as the long hot days still find him sweltering in his city office! How the anxious lines deepen on his face, and the driven, worried expression grows more and more pronounced! Observe the writer who has been working for months "on his nerves." His pen lags; the thought behind his pen lags still more; his ideas no longer flow spontaneously; his physical and

mental machinery are out of gear, and no longer respond readily to his will; he has become so irritable and "touchy" that even his family and friends avoid him. Look at the hard-working lawyer and physician: exhaustion is plainly written on every feature; nervous energy sustains them, but Nature is calling loudly for repayment of overdrafts. Notice the busy wife and housemother, who has been confined in the close air of the home, coping with the exactions of family life, day in and day out, for the past twelve months. Worn out and nerve-racked by the incessant petty cares and annoyances that fall to the lot of even the most capable and cheerful housewives, it is plain that she needs to go to the great Mother for a season of rest and healing. Watch the pale student and clerk, as they pore over books or wearily add rows of figures, or bend over counters. How they droop like flowers and plants after a long period of drought! Notice the toilers in every trade and avocation in our city streets, and see how they languish and fade for need of the tonic of woods and fields.

The wise ones among those jaded workers make up their minds to take a vacation at any cost. After two or three weeks or months

they return; and oh, what a marvelous change! They have literally been born again. Rejuvenated, refreshed, tingling with new hopes, new plans, new and broader visions of life,—for they have sipped power at the very fountain head,—they take up once more the duties of their different callings. They are no longer burdens to be carried somehow, but positive pleasures.

Like Antæus, the giant wrestler, whose strength was reinforced every time he came in contact with his mother, Earth, these later children of the great Mother have drawn stores of energy and vitality from her bosom. They have felt the touch of her fresh and invigorating breath. The medicinal tonic of oak and pine and beech has penetrated every pore. The plash of the brook, the scent of the meadows and flowers, and the song of the birds have harmonized all the elements of mind and body that were put out of tune by the jar and strife and turmoil of the city. A new life, a new world has been opened to them.

Wouldn't it be a foolish question to ask whether those people gained or lost by their vacation-investment? What would a little more money saved, a few more goods sold, a

little more study crowded in, be, compared with the buoyant health and new blood which they have received in exchange for the expenditure of a few dollars more or less than it would have cost them to stay in town? The person who tries to save time or money by denying himself a vacation puts a mortgage on his life. He is like the untutored savage who eagerly exchanges jewels or stuffs of great value for a few glass beads.

There is no other rejuvenator equal to a vacation taken in the right spirit. But the right spirit is indispensable if you would get full returns on your investment. If you go away with your mind filled with your business, your profession, your household cares, your studies, or your plans for the future, and if you keep thinking of those things, you might as well stay at home. If your eyes look inward instead of outward; if your ears still hear the hum of the factory and the noise of the busy streets; if you carry with you the burdens and perplexities which have been pinning you down and robbing you of sleep and comfort, you will gain nothing from your outing. You will return the same weary, fretting, unhappy mortal that you were when you went away.

It is with recreation as it is with everything else in life. To make a success of it you must give yourself to it with your whole heart. You can do nothing by halves or with a divided mind and get good results. Make up your mind, when you get your ticket for your destination, that that will be the last of your business or your workaday life, whatever it may be, until you return. Close the doors upon the past and give yourself up absolutely to the re-creating principles of Nature. Go out with the determination to enjoy yourself, and to abandon yourself to the music, the harmonies, the beauties of the universe. Sing with the poet, but in the present tense,—

> Then lived for me the bright creation,
> The silver rill with song was rife;
> The trees, the roses shared sensation,
> An echo of my boundless life.

If you do this you will never regret the time or money spent on your vacation. You will not only come back rejuvenated or re-created, but you will come back also a wiser as well as better man or woman. You will have learned scores of lessons from Nature which you never before knew. The habits of animals, of birds, and of insects, studied at first

hand, will instruct and entertain you as books and lectures and professors never can. Nature speaks to you in a thousand ways, in a language unknown to man. She whispers her secrets to you in the wind, in the song of birds, in the ever-varying expressions of river, mountain, valley, meadow, and woodland. She teaches you lessons in chemistry which no human chemist can impart. She opens to you without reserve the mysteries of her laboratory, and shows you her wonderful processes of canning the juices and pulp of plums, peaches, apples, and pears. Her legerdemain in calling beauties of tint and color into plant and vegetable, flower and fruit, out of the black soil and the vacant atmosphere, fills you with wonder and admiration. Before your eyes she extracts the secret of power from the sunshine and bottles it in fruit and vegetables for your use when the snow shall have covered the earth and the nipping winds of winter shall have destroyed vegetation.

Yet in spite of all the wonders and beauties which Nature holds out to attract us to her, how often we hear people, especially business men, say, "No, I am not going away this year; I can not afford the time."

When a man tells me he can't afford the time to take a vacation, I am compelled to think that there is something wrong somewhere. Either he is not large enough for his business, and lacks the ability to multiply himself in others, or to systematize it so that it will run smoothly in his absence; or else he is too mean and stingy to take even a few weeks from the year's work of piling up dollars. Of course, if he has no program, or system; if everything comes to a standstill when he leaves his store, factory, or office, a vacation might prove disastrous. But if he is a business man worthy of the name, and has any executive or organizing ability, his vacation will be the best investment he can put into his business, for he will return from it stronger and richer in resources than before.

A vacation pays as much from the standpoint of character as from any other point of view. Just as "every man is a rascal when he is sick," so the best-intentioned man in the world may be a brute when he is worn out physically, and working and planning, or trying to do so, with a fagged, weary brain. The brutal qualities in a man's nature come to the surface when he has drained his vitality to the dregs. He loses his self-control and his

passions get the better of him. He does things which in his soul he condemns, and says things for which he afterwards hates himself, and all because he lacks physical stamina. The long strain of the year has made him so irritable and exacting that the merest trifle upsets him. He goes all to pieces over little things which he would not even notice if he were in good bodily condition.

A few weeks or even days in the country change all this. If the jaded city man heeds Nature's warning and goes away before it is too late, he wonders at the quick rebound which he experiences. Face to face with the great creative energy, which unfolds the germ, develops the bud, brings out the flowers, and packs the sweet juices into the fruits, he quickly finds his center and regains his poise. He feels a new power creeping through his veins. His heart pumps the blood through his system with renewed vigor. The cobwebs which clouded his brain and made thinking and planning difficult or impossible vanish. Where he was weak and hesitating before, he is now strong and positive. The things which he dreaded to attempt in his worn-out condition, and which seemed like drudgery, are now done with ease and enthu-

siasm. His will power returns to him. He is no longer the sport of conflicting motives. The ramifications of his business are clear to his mind. A new force nerves his arm and quickens his brain. He feels that he is master of the situation, and equal to any emergency that may arise. The obstacles which loomed high as mountains a few weeks before have dwindled to molehills. He is jubilant, harmonious, and full of creative energy.

How quickly the scars and stains of a year's campaign in the city disappear in the country! How quickly we forget the petty annoyances that vexed and hindered us but yesterday in the city! There is no place in Nature's environment for narrow prejudices, hatreds, or jealousies. There the mind as well as the body is made healthy and pure. In the freedom from restraint of the country artificiality, timidity, and fear fall away from us. Our power is multiplied, and we are ready and eager to do in the spirit of conquerors the things which a short time ago our exhausted nerves and dulled brains cried out against as impossibilities.

Another phase of a vacation, that must not be overlooked, is that it keeps us from getting into ruts. The routine of business or

professional life, or of any vocation, tends to bring into play, day after day, and year after year, the same set of faculties, the same brain cells. We get into settled grooves, into certain lines of thought and action which confine us within a circle. We lose in breadth and freshness and vigor of thought. A vacation corrects this tendency. It gives a complete rest to the overworked faculties and brain cells, and brings an entirely new set into action. We are transported into a new world of thoughts and ideas. The change readjusts our physical and mental machinery, and makes us more symmetrical and harmonious.

The earth itself teaches us the necessity of rest and change. During the snows and frosts of winter it lies dormant. In rest it gathers force for the rejuvenating processes of spring. We must follow the earth's example, and gather force in rest and recreation, or we can no more go on growing and gaining in strength and power than it could go on producing the grains and fruits and vegetables of summer and autumn without an annual rest.

We rob ourselves of more than we can ever compute by being niggardly in the matter of a vacation. Economize on anything

else rather than this, on which the very well-springs of being depend. Health is the "pearl of great price" for which, if need be, we should be willing to exchange all our possessions. Without it all other things are powerless to make us happy. Many a millionaire who has bartered his health for his millions sighs for what all his wealth can not restore.

"Oh, to be strong! Each morn to feel
A fresh delight to wake to life;
To spring with bounding pulse to meet
Whate'er of work, of care, of strife
Day brings to me! Each night to sleep
The dreamless sleep that health can give;
No weary ache, no wearing pain,—
Ah, then, indeed, 'twere joy to live!"

XXII. TIME TOSSERS

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PIERPONT MORGAN told a friend that he regarded every hour of his time as worth a thousand dollars. Now, young people willing to admit that that does not seem an unreasonable value for a man with Mr. Morgan's interests to put upon his time, still throw away many of their own precious hours. They do not consider that their time may be worth just as much to them as Mr. Morgan's is worth to him.

The common carelessness and indifference to the value of time is a real life tragedy. People deliberately waste precious hours, unpurchasable days, and practically throw away months and years of precious life in doing that which brings nothing of value in return. I wish it were possible to show the thousands of sidetracked people—living in lazy, shiftless wretchedness—the possible immortality, the unspeakable richness that lives in the odds and ends of time they throw away.

Thousands of young men in England that had great admiration for Gladstone—that looked upon him as fortune's favorite, a won-

derfully lucky man—did not realize that one great secret of his eminence was to be found in his indefatigable use of time. What wealth, what untold riches lived in fragments of time for this man, who, though next to the Queen and directing the destinies of a mighty nation, would never allow himself to be without a book or a paper in his pocket lest some precious moments, while waiting for appointments or a train, might slip away from him unimproved! What would he not have given for the tens of thousands of days the Englishmen that envied him threw away! Who have gained prizes in life that looked lightly upon the value of their time? Hours are not golden—not so cheap as that! They are infinitely more precious. Their value is but faintly typified by the most precious stones.

Throw away money, if you will; waste, if you must, your estates, your lands, your houses; but never throw away a day. No power in the universe can restore to you its value, its possibilities, the character in it, the achievement in it.

Wouldn't you think a man had lost his reason if he were to go about throwing away handfuls of coin right and left without getting any equivalent? Yet you think it noth-

ing strange to see thousands of people flinging away, like worthless baubles, their precious hours. "To-day!" "To-day!" Which does it mean to you—wisdom, or folly; culture, or ignorance; a larger, or a smaller manhood? Isn't it remarkable that so many people go through life complaining that they have nobody to help them, that they have no chance such as many others have, excusing themselves for their failure or mediocre success because they lack capital, when they have locked up right within themselves vast assets of untold value that they have never developed and that they never use!

Everywhere we hear people saying they would do this or that if they only had the ability, if they were only talented; and they excuse their mediocre lives, their lives of inaction, just because they haven't genius. These very people do not use a tithe of the ability they do have.

The best locomotive ever built would not move a train an inch without the energy of the coal, the oil, or the electricity to propel it. It is not enough to have great qualities. They must be utilized. Ability is worth only what it achieves, and the finest ability in the world will never achieve anything unless held

by will power and the energy that does things.

The trouble with young people is not that they do not possess success qualities, but that in most of them the qualities are latent, inactive. There is only now and then a man that gets thoroughly aroused. Most of us are asleep as to a large part of our ability. We develop only a small percentage of ourselves —just enough to solve the bread-and-butter question.

One is often impressed, in riding across this great continent, with the vast unutilized wealth in its unmined mountains, in its millions of acres of rich, uncultivated soil, in its vast forests of timber, in its huge waterfalls—resources everywhere beyond the power of human thought to estimate. But what of the tremendous amount of human faculty, of unused ability, of undeveloped mental power in the millions of beings that are only utilizing a meager per cent. of their vast possibilities!

There are no deserts except to the blind, no waste places to those that know how to utilize them.

If all the ability in the world were used to the best advantage for one year, it would

bring the millennium to civilization. Every normal person has sufficient in him to enable him to make a grand success in life if he could only get it out. Some weakness, some idiosyncrasy, some lack of energy and skill keeps you from bringing out what you have. Success is not outside of you. The possibilities are in you. It is not at all a question of somebody else helping you.

The future *never* takes care of itself; it is taken care of, shaped, molded, colored by the present. Our to-days are what our yesterdays made them; our to-morrows must inevitably be the products of our to-days. He that neglects opportunities, shirks responsibilities, does so with peril to his financial, intellectual, social, and spiritual advancement. The way spare moments and long winter evenings were spent has made all the difference to thousands of men and women between mediocrity and brilliant achievement. What one gets out of life depends very largely on the preparation made for it. The stream can not rise higher than its fountain head. Accomplishment can not exceed one's inherent efficiency. No matter what investment you may make in life, *there is no investment so satisfactory as self-investment—*

coining bits of leisure into knowledge and power.

No matter whether you are out of work or buried in it, a priceless chance to better your condition awaits you in the long evenings or your spare moments. These precious hours may not seem much of an opportunity to you; but what would they have meant to young Abraham Lincoln, or to Vice-President Wilson, or to Senator Beveridge, or to hundreds of others that have made or are making priceless capital, unmeasurable possibilities, out of the odds and ends of time you may be throwing away?

What will you do with this great *unworked mine of opportunity that confronts you?* Will you coin it into riches that no disaster can take from you, no misfortune annihilate —or will you throw it away as tens of thousands of others are doing? I have known young men while out of work to so increase their capacity for effective service that later they have taken positions in advance of the ones they lost or gave up. So they really accomplished more while others thought they were idle than when they were drawing salaries; but they did it by looking upon every bit of leisure as an invaluable opportunity to

fit themselves for something higher. They increased their knowledge, reinforced their ability, and multiplied their power for seizing an opportunity when it came.

Some boys will pick up a good education in the odds and ends of time others carelessly throw away, as one man saves a fortune by small economies that others disdain to practice. What young man is too busy to get an hour a day for self-improvement? Charles C. Frost, the celebrated shoemaker of Vermont, resolved to devote one hour a day to study. He became one of the most noted mathematicians in the United States. He also gained an enviable reputation in other departments of knowledge. One hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits, and profitably employed, would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. One hour a day would earn enough to pay for two daily and two weekly papers, two leading magazines, and a dozen good books. In an hour a day a boy or a girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully—over seven thousand pages, or eighteen large volumes, in a year. An hour a day might make

all the difference between bare existence and successful, happy living. An hour a day might make—nay, has made—an unknown man famous, a useless man a benefactor to his race. Think of the mighty possibilities of two—four—yes, six hours a day that are, on the average, thrown away by young men and women in the restless desire for fun and diversion!

No one is anxious about a young man while he is busy in useful work. But where does he eat his lunch at noon? Where does he go when he leaves his boarding house at night? What does he do after supper? Where does he spend his Sundays and holidays? The way he uses his spare moments reveals his character. The great majority of youths that go to the bad are ruined after supper. Most of those that climb upward to honor and fame devote their evenings to study.

I know people that made a very poor showing at school, that could not get much out of books, but who in after life, in their effort to redeem themselves from their educational disabilities, developed marvelous quickness in picking up knowledge.

Thousands of people have obtained a bet-

ter education in their spare moments through systematic courses of reading and study furnished by some of our splendid correspondence schools, than many that have gone through college.

There is, with the man that does not possess one, a tendency to overemphasize the advantages of a college training. Those that were obliged to leave school to help support the family, or because of ill health, and were not able to go to college, think they have suffered an irrevocable loss—that there must necessarily be a great deficiency in their lives that can never be made up—that since they could not get the liberal education they wanted they are forever barred from getting an equivalent. They think that what they themselves pick up from reading and self-study will not amount to much. But as a matter of fact many of the best educated and most cultured and efficient men and women in the world have never gone to college—many of them have never even gone through a high school.

It is astonishing how much valuable information a person can pick up in his spare moments. This habit of absorbing knowledge—"the study habit"—is worth more to

a youth than a college education without it; for the inquiring, hungering mind is always gathering and absorbing valuable information.

The fact is, the whole life can be made a splendid school. Men, things, and experiences are the best teachers in the world. Every minute of every day we can be absorbing knowledge, picking up bits here and there in our spare moments, by keeping our eyes and ears open. Then, when we are not busy, we can be working up this knowledge into higher forms through reflection.

It is the best possible drill to learn to think. The training of the mind to grasp things; to analyze them, to draw inferences, and to learn their philosophy, this is what education means. To learn how to do things effectively with power, is the best part of an education.

A great fault with most of us is that we never learn to think. Thousands of men, lacking a good education, practically throw away precious hours because they never learn to think. Systematic thinking is the best possible discipline.

It is painful to see young people reading carelessly, thinking carelessly, with no purpose, instead of absorbing invaluable knowledge from the conversation of others and

from newspapers, periodicals, and text-books at home. How little they realize they are throwing away material that to many would be absolutely beyond price, material that would make their lives rich beyond measure! The majority of people do not look at things with the idea of getting anything useful from them. They are listless, absent-minded, thoughtless. Their minds do not penetrate below the surface of anything outside their own work—and sometimes not inside it.

Tell me how a young man uses his little ragged edges of time after his day's work is done, during his long winter evenings, what he is revolving in his mind at every opportunity, and I will tell you what that young man's future will be.

Do not be discouraged because you have reached middle life without an education. I once knew a man that bought a farm from a lazy, slovenly, dissipated man. It was the last of May when he took possession of the property. The former owner let the early spring go by without plowing or sowing except a little vegetable garden. Some of the neighbors told the new owner that the spring had passed and it was too late to prepare

the land for anything more than a garden; but he was a resourceful man that used his brain; he put in crops that mature late, and he managed to get a very respectable harvest—a much better harvest than some of his indolent neighbors who thought it was foolish to try to raise much of anything at that late day. This incident is duplicated in many walks of life.

Just because you find it difficult now to commit to memory the things taught in regular schools, do not be discouraged. Education is a broad term. There are a great many subjects you can master to-day even better than you could have grasped them in youth. Your mind is more mature. You have better judgment, a better knowledge of the value of time. An opportunity for self-culture means more to you because you have suffered from the lack of early opportunities.

I know a young man that had almost no primary schooling, and yet he has become an expert in history by reading history and biography. You would consider him a well-schooled man. He has read so much that his English is extremely good although he knows nothing of the rules of grammar. His mind has become so accustomed to the

method of expression of good writers that he has unconsciously adopted a good style. He rarely makes mistakes in his conversation. If this is possible to such a man, think of the greater possibilities with the text-books now at hand prepared especially for home study.

It is quite possible to pick up a splendid education in one's spare time by taking a course in a good correspondence school. Thousands of men have been saved from the mortifications and embarrassments to which they had been subject because of their ignorance, by courses in these schools; and owe practically all their business and social success to the knowledge thus obtained.

Happy is the youth that has formed the fixed habit of self-improvement, that is always trying to make himself a little larger and a little better informed, a little better prepared for his opportunity when it comes.

If you are ambitious to make the most of yourself, and especially if you are trying to make up for the loss of an early education, remember that every person you meet can add something to your stock of knowledge. If you meet a printer, he can post you in the printer's art. A bricklayer can tell you

many things you did not before know. You will find the average farmer wonderfully wise on points upon which you are ignorant.

It is the constant absorbing from every possible source that makes a man well informed, and it is a great variety of knowledge that makes him broad and sympathetic where he would otherwise be narrow, rutty, and hard. The habitual absorber of knowledge has the advantage of touching life at a vast number of points. His interests are wide; and, as a rule, he is an interesting man because of his great variety of experiences.

Many a man goes through life without touching it at many points. People and things do not get hold of such a man much, because he is not interested in them. He is indifferent to everything except his own little specialty—and he very often neglects that.

The man that holds an open mind toward all truth; that believes that every person and everything has something of value for him; that, like the bee, goes through life extracting honey from all sources, is the man that really and truly lives.

It is a great thing to start out in active life with the resolution that you will not be a mere cipher in your community, but a real

constructive force; that you will stand for something more than a real living-getter or a dollar-gatherer; that you will not be merely one more citizen, but a strong, robust, vigorous force; a power respected; a force that moves things; will be known as a progressive man who stands for everything that is for the betterment of his community. Every one should be ambitious to be something as a citizen besides a specialist in his vocation.

XXIII. DIVERTED FROM ONE'S TRUE PURSUIT BY SALARY

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ANY young men, from accident or from necessity, get into situations which are not along the line of their bent, but which, however, yield them the means of living, and they often lack the moral courage to sever their connections and start lower down along the line of their inclination. This is a dangerous situation, for no one can do his best work until he gets into the right place. He must pull with, not against, the current of his nature.

I know college graduates who have taken schools temporarily, or who have managed to get sub-masters' positions or chairs in some academies, in order to earn a little money to pay college debts, perhaps, or to enable them to get a start in the things they like, and who have remained there through life, although they never had the slightest idea that they would follow these vocations for a living. They were sidetracked by the salaries, which, before they went to college,

would have seemed paltry, or perhaps they had families depending upon them, which made it difficult for them to break off and get into positions more fitted to their ability and tastes.

I do not hesitate to state that it is one's duty, not only to himself, but also to the Cre ator who put it into his blood and stamped it in every fiber of his being, to get into his right place, no matter what the sacrifice. The salary should have nothing to do with it, unless others, by its loss, would be brought to want. A youth owes it to his Maker, who fitted him for a certain line, to get into that line as soon as possible. The instances are rare, indeed, where a bright young man is compelled to remain in a place which is not suited to him. The Creator did not make giant brains for a pygmy's work, and no man is a pygmy when he is in his right place. He did not make a Lincoln to do the work of an ordinary clerk, or a Webster to teach a district school for a life-career.

Thousands of people are trying to make their living by the exercise of their weakest faculties instead of their strongest ones. Their vocations do not coincide with their bent. They have been brought up, perhaps,

with the idea that they must stick to the thing they undertake and make the best of it.

A great many youths can not tell, when they first start out, where their real bent lies. They can not tell what they can do. But, as soon as they develop more, their stronger qualities come out, their real bent strengthens, and the predominant faculties push their way to the front.

Again, a more liberal education, or a college course, develops faculties which have before lain entirely dormant. In other words, the entire state of the mental faculties often changes during one's physical and mental development, so that the bent of the boy may not be the bent of the man.

The relation of the faculties is often greatly changed by the special training of one faculty or set of faculties, so that what was dominant before the course of training may become subordinated by other faculties which have pushed themselves forward in the course of development.

The "stick to the last" idea has crippled many a youth. No man should stick to his last if he is convinced that he is in the wrong place and there is a possibility of getting into the right place. No one should stick to his

last if a change is possible when he is conscious of getting a living by the exercise of his weakest faculties. No man should stick to his last while cursed with commonness or mediocrity; when a larger, fuller experience of life is possible to him. No man should stick to his last when a higher and better way is open to him. No man should stick to his last when he finds that to do so will cramp his better life, stifle his higher aspirations, and handicap his complete development.

What can be more painful than to discover, by many failures and blunders, after you have fixed yourself in the grooves in which you must run for the rest of your days, that you have mistaken your vocation! Waste, it is said, is the law of the world; but among all the various forms of waste, what is more painful to behold than the waste of talent,—the waste of ability? "How melancholy to see men plodding drearily for a lifetime at a task for which they have neither genius nor love, going through life in mediocrity, fighting the battle of life with a broadax instead of a battle-ax, fighting the battle of life with one hand only or with one hand tied, or rowing against an irresistible current!"

XXIV. COMMERCIALIZING ONE'S ABILITY

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NE of the most unfortunate phases of our driving, hustling American civilization is the accumulation of colossal fortunes in a few months or a few years,—fortunes which it would require centuries to acquire in older countries. This rapid accumulation of wealth, by fair or by unfair means, frequently the latter, has developed a fatal national restlessness and discontent, and an abnormal passion for money. Our greed has been stimulated until it has become a dominant passion. Even our children have caught the spirit of this American contagion, and are eager to make money long before they leave school. Almost before he can talk, a child will hold on to a coin, and he seems able to distinguish it from everything else. A boy does not think so much of whether or not he is getting into the place for which God intended him as of how much money he is to get out of a job. "What is there in it for me?" is written all over American life.

Is it any wonder that children should thus

early exhibit the spirit of greed when, in these days of almost universal education, men assert, as a reason for not sending their sons and daughters to school, that it would not increase their earning power sufficiently to warrant it?

This money craze, or tendency to commercialize the ideal, is found in all walks of life. Never before were so many clergymen, especially young clergymen, leaving the pulpit to go into business. The great commercial prizes are so tempting that their own pitiful salaries look contemptible in comparison. There are clergymen in the American pulpit preaching for a few hundred dollars a year who know perfectly well, and everybody else knows, too, that they could make many times as much money in business careers. Many of them do not see why they should not become rich and powerful; they do not understand why using this money-making capacity is not as legitimate for them as for others. In other words, there is a powerful temptation, to-day, for a clergyman to turn his creative faculties into money-making channels.

Many of our lawyers are looking for big fees rather than for great legal acumen or

high standing at the bar. They know that lawyers are envied not so much because they are members of a great and learned profession, upholders of the majesty and justice of the law, as because many of them make a great deal of money from their practice. They know, too, that they are ranked by fellow lawyers largely in proportion to their ability to get big fees. It is well known that some of the men who get enormous fees and become millionaires are not great lawyers at all, and have nothing like the legal ability of others who are not paid a quarter of their fees. What is his practice worth? seems to be the question by which to measure a lawyer's standing in the minds of most people.

Physicians and surgeons are measured in much the same way. How often we hear it said, "Why, that physician has a practice of twenty-five thousand dollars a year." Sometimes the sum named is twice or thrice as great. Just as if this was the measure of a physician's usefulness! Of course, in a sense, getting enormous fees is some proof of his ability; but it is not the best evidence of a man's real service to the world.

Many authors, to-day, do not seem to think so much of putting immortality into their

compositions—of writing books which shall live through all time,—as of earning the largest amount of money possible with their pens. Few modern writers would spend years upon a tiny bit of composition, or exchange their lives for a few immortal verses or a single book that the world would not let die.

It is said that, when Emerson's income was twelve hundred dollars a year, he refused to try to increase it. He saw riches beyond the reach of the mere money-millionaire,—wealth which a poor man or woman can grasp,—the wealth of intellect, the riches which come from an expanding soul, a widening life, and a growing manhood. He preferred to be a millionaire of ideas, of sound philosophy, of high thinking, and of lofty ideals. Time, to him, was too valuable to be exchanged for that which would die. He looked for immortality.

The only reply of the late Theodore Thomas to the interviewer who asked him if he ever attempted to become rich was, "Faugh!" The great orchestral leader brushed the question aside with contempt, as unworthy of consideration. The love of his art was so infinitely great that the other did not interest him.

In the golden age of art, an artist was will-

ing to suffer privation, poverty, and discomfort, if he could only have freedom and an opportunity to work out the ideal which haunted him,—to put upon canvas the picture which lived in his soul, and which he hoped to make immortal. He could not bear to smirch it with any material consideration. Many artists would suffer actual hunger before they could be induced to sell the children of their brains, so sacred were they. There is something indescribably admirable and lovable in the old writers, musicians, and artists who loved their art, and who worked for art's sake, as Michael Angelo did when he declined to put many years of hard work into his immortal frescoes in the Sistine Chapel unless he could do so without money consideration, fearing that the thought of money might possibly taint his brush. There must be no other motive in his mind but excellence in his art. He would not take the risk of contamination, lest the consciousness of the pay he was to get for his work might eat like a canker into his ambition and blight his conception. The thought of putting his very soul into his picture for mere pay was too repulsive to him to be considered. "Art for art's sake" was his motto.

Then the artist was known and honored

for his art. No Crœsus stood so high or was so sacred in the estimation of the people. But to-day a man's genius, his art,—what he stands for,—is measured largely by how much it will bring in dollars and cents. How much can he get for the picture? How much can he make out of his art? What does he get for his books? These are the questions of prime importance to-day. Commercialism stands out so strongly in all the undertakings of life that the merely artistic suffers, the ideal is lowered, and the soul's wings are weighted with gold. The commercial spirit would drag everything down to a dead monetary level. It is a subtle menace to all that is high and holy,—pure and sacred.

There was a time when an actor thought infinitely more of reaching the highest ideal of his art than of the dollars he could pull out of it,—when he thought more of his reputation than of wealth; but, barring a few exceptions, theatrical art is fearfully commercialized to-day. Some of our great singers are stepping down from grand opera to comic opera, apparently because they are better paid in the latter. Actors and actresses are abandoning high-class plays for flashy, superficial productions, because there is

money in them. "How much does an actor make?" is the great question with many people, to-day, not, "How great an artist is he?" Some of the most prominent theatrical managers know comparatively little of the great underlying laws of the highest drama, but they do know how to get money out of a play, and any kind of play that will do that is a good one to them.

Fortunately for the world, there are still some souls too noble to stoop to dollar-chasing. Does any one doubt that, if ex-President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, had chosen a commercial career, he would have been a rich and powerful magnate? He had great executive ability and a commanding personality, and might easily have become a millionaire of money; but, happily, he regarded the glory of doing a great thing in service to others, in raising the standard of education, as greater than that of any money-making career.

Some of the presidents of our smaller colleges, perhaps, could be worth more money, to-day, than the colleges over which they preside, had they chosen commercial careers. But there is a satisfaction which comes to a great educator, who spends his life starting others aright, raising their ideals, and in-

spiring them with great aims, that a mere money-millionaire can never experience.

There are many teachers in this country who are conscious that they have splendid business ability, but who are giving the best energies of their best years, for pitiful salaries, to the training and making of men and women, who know very well that, in commercial lines, they would stand just as good a chance of getting rich as other men about them.

There are artists and musicians everywhere who are sacrificing money and the luxuries which money brings, for the sake of ideals. They prefer the largest self-expression, and the widest freedom for the pursuit of the ideal, to a little more money, or a little finer homes.

There are hundreds of poor clergymen, struggling nobly and unselfishly to elevate small communities or city slums to higher standards of living and thinking, who actually lack the ordinary necessities and comforts of life; yet they would not exchange their humble places for fashionable pulpits with large salaries, because they can do more good where they are.

Is a clergyman to be looked upon as a com-

parative failure simply because he has tried to live the Christ-life, to bear the burdens of others, to lighten others' tasks, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to encourage the despondent, to cheer the sick, to comfort the dying, and to lift the broken-hearted? Shall he be looked upon as weak-minded because he has given his life for a pitiful salary when he might have become rich?

Is a teacher to be looked upon as poor or unsuccessful because she has preferred to spend her life in building character, developing opportunities and unfolding possibilities for others, and enriching civilization by starting other lives in the right direction rather than in piling up dollars for herself?

Are American youths to be wholly commercialized? Was man made in his Creator's image to be turned into a mere money-making machine? Is that the great end of creation,—the great goal of the universe? Are our brains—our talents,—everything,—to be commercialized? Is that the meaning of life, the ultimatum of the Creator,—a dollar-making machine? If so, why are we mocked with these infinite longings for immortality? Whence come these heart-yearnings for the beautiful, this passion for truth, this hunger

for wisdom, or this longing for knowledge which money can not satisfy? The soul, the highest thing in man, will starve in the midst of all the money and all the material possessions of the world.

Who can ever estimate what our present civilization owes to the quality of the self-sacrificing clergymen, and to teachers, artists, musicians, and others who believe there is something greater in the world than money-making, something finer in man than can ever be brought out by a dollar-chasing career? Men and women in all walks of life who would regard it as desecration to commercialize their talents are the salt which flavors civilization. It takes a strong man, of grand character, to refuse to turn his God-given ability into mere money-making instead of life-making.

Of how much more value to the world are the men who have made some of the simplest inventions which have added to real comfort, and have ameliorated the hard conditions of life, even though they have died poor,—yea, some of them in poor-houses,—than those who have done nothing except to accumulate money! The really worthy are those who have contributed to the comfort,

the happiness, and the well-being of their fellows,—to the enlargement of life, and to the augmentation of the wisdom of the world, —not those who have merely piled up selfish dollars.

XXV. MERE MONEY-MAKING IS NOT SUCCESS

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HERE is really very little connection between the accumulation of money and real success. Success is growth, is expansion, is the unfolding of the divine nature of man, of all that is God-like within him. A man may succeed in piling up millions and yet fail in this higher development, fail in the supreme object of his life on earth. Some of the most pitiful failures in the United States are millionaires. A man may make millions and still be a failure. True success is many-sided, and consists in the symmetrical development, to the highest possible extent, of all the higher qualities of one's nature.

Furthermore, success in one line does not at all imply success in another. How many men we have known who were regarded as geniuses in some particular line, but were mere dwarfs, manikins, in everything outside of their little rut! The world does not want narrow, rutty men; it wants broad-minded, liberal-hearted, generously educated men; men of wide sympathies, with deep and

strong convictions; not men of one-sided development, but men who can apply their minds vigorously to general subjects.

Specialties pursued too closely, too persistently, too narrowly, often prove a curse to the individual.

Our occupations have everything to do with our development and destiny. How can a man—the most complex creature in the universe,—develop who spends his life making pinheads or screws, or tending a machine which does not bring into play the slightest ingenuity, which calls forth no exercise of his reasoning powers, does not demand the use of his judgment or sagacity?

Men who tend machines all their lives become themselves machines. Their unused brain cells and faculties become atrophied, shrink and shrivel until the individual becomes only the semblance of a man. The modern mania for specialties may prove one of the greatest curses of the race, through its tendency to cripple the intellect and dwarf manhood.

The mind is many-sided and requires a great variety of food. "Use or lose" is Nature's motto. Unused muscles become atrophied. Unused faculties and brain cells

shrivel up and wither until their natural functions are almost wholly lost. And so the man who gives himself up to money-getting, solely, loses the faculty for the enjoyment of the higher things of life.